

America's Latest Import: The Sexual Revolution

BACHELOR

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THE RISE AND FALL OF THE STRIP TEASE



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WILD, WILD WORLD

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

IN COLOGNE, Germany, where prostitution is illegal a judge was presented with a eye-popping case, concerning a 70-year-old grandmother, picked up for streetwalking. The woman, Ilse Schmidt, pleaded guilty to charges, causing the judge to look up, startled. Finally he decided to give her a suspended sentence. "A woman who still manages to retain her charms at your age should be given another chance," he announced.

* * *

In St. Paul, Minn., service station owner Lawrence Kelly was counting his money, when two men walked in. They insisted he turn the cash over to them, and when he refused, they grabbed. Kelly tugged back, and the bills ripped. The thugs fled with their half of \$27.

* * *

In Paris, Andre Duboulet sued his wife for divorce, charging her with cruelty. He won his case and then told reporters, "I could have sued her for adultery and won, too, but that wouldn't have been gentlemanly. The fact is, though my wife was unfaithful to me, I still wanted her. I decided to end the marriage, however, when she told me I couldn't have my mistress live with me in our house."

* * *

Barry Goldwater's biography reveals that in the bathroom of the Senator's home hangs a painting of Cyclone II, the family's pet bulldog. The portrait also reveals the canine's gold tooth which replaced the one that had to be extracted not too long ago.

SHOT IN THE DARK

IN NEW YORK some night clubs are so exclusive you need to know the owner personally to get in. News of one spot, featuring luscious, long-legged waitresses, a snazzy bar and hot shows reached the ears of cops. So they decided to have a look-see. The place had no sign or marquee. When the police entered, the patrons decided to scam. A search was made and uncovered were 200 doses of heroin, plus large amounts of marijuana and cocaine. Cops also found a fountain pen that contained a tear-gas cartridge instead of ink. Undoubtedly the club didn't accept credit. But its run still went dry.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

WHEN ENGLISHMAN Cecil Farthingale was taken to a New York bar, decorated to resemble a British pub, he had nothing but complaints. Of the beer he said, "The brew is cold. It should be nice and warm, just below room temperature. Otherwise you lose the flavor." Of the bartender: "He doesn't have the trick. It's an art, filling a glass from a beer pump so that there's only a collar of foam." Of the bar: "It's not really authentic. In an English pub the food is so awful, you'd never need a reservation to eat. In my local, all you can get are sandwiches." Finally the British visitor dropped a blockbuster: "All the English pubs nowadays are trying to look like American bars."

DEATH'S HOLIDAY

PETER BACHULIF narrowly escaped death on Iwo Jima. When he returned home from the war, he changed his name to Peter Sherry. He also got a blank death certificate, filled in the name of Bachulif and sent it off to the government. For eight years his ruse worked, and his wife received more than \$25,000 in benefits. Then Sherry was nabbed. He told officials he hated his former self and wanted to "kill" himself and start a new life. An unsympathetic court gave him a 2½-year sentence.

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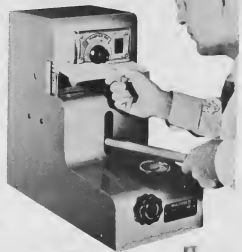
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KINGS OF BACHELORDOM

BY MAYNARD BARR

IF EVER there was a believer in the notion that the ends justify the means, this Romeo rates as perhaps the most ruthless of all. He engaged in libel, blackmail and swindling, "all," as he put it, "in the service of love." Nevertheless, as a lover, he must rate as one of history's All-Stars.

At nine years of age, he was sent with his sister to attend a girls' boarding school near Dublin. An ordinary boy would have felt humiliated—but not our hero. Already precocious, he spent his time happily studying the anatomies of his feminine classmates, from a variety of angles.

At 15, he ran away to America. Putting to good use his girls' school "education," this now-handsome prince of bachelordom seduced the 17-year-old daughter of the boat's chief engineer, while enroute to the "promised land."

In America, he became in fast succession: A sandhog in New York, a cowboy in North Dakota, and a gambling hall bouncer in Kansas. "At 19," he later wrote, "I had learned to be a rattle snake, striking at anything female that moved." When, in his 20's, he embezzled passage money back to Europe, the bushy-mustached, red-faced lad left a trail seven states-long of cuckolded employers and various other victims.

Following a stint as reporter in the Russo-Turkish conflict, he next was expelled as a student of Heidelberg University for brazenly raping a buxom blonde beer garden employee in front of her friends. In Vienna he debauched a beautiful dancer who was engaged to another man—the mayor.

More than anything else, this 5'3" lover used his deep foghorn, and obviously masculine voice to send women swooning into his arms. His conquest of a fetching red-headed Manhattan restaurant cashier was typical of his technique. He was then in his 50's and the girl was an inexperienced but highly-shapely minor. When he got her to his rooms and began to undo her blouse, the young beauty slapped him. "Whereupon," he remembers, "my voice boomed out with such vibration she trembled violently and melted away. She was a virgin and I thoroughly enjoyed the night, although I never once saw the damaged little baggage again."

It was in England, however, that he was to enjoy his busiest years. Arriving there, "26 years old and without a copper," he promoted "ale and bimbo money" through bold but small-time con schemes. Then, in an overnight step from gutter to propriety, he dared to chase the attractive and respectable wife of London's wealthiest printer. She succumbed to his rough and ready lovemaking and had him installed as editor of the staid *Evening News*. He began mushrooming its circulation with lurid sex stories, exposing Britain's polite but playful set.

(Cont. on p. 67)



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *How to Gain a Command of Good English*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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The Bewitching Sea Breeze

A few intimate hours in an outboard,
adrift at sea, proved enough time to win
a beauty . . . and lose her forever.



BY JAY KELLY

DEREK WAS AWARE of the boat long before he really saw it, and even then he saw it only because its single occupant began waving wildly and screaming. The boat had apparently drifted around the headland from the picnic area, oarless, its outboard dead. Now it wallowed, helpless, in the troughs of the waves that were bearing it slowly out to sea.

Damn! In disgust, Derek kicked off his sandals and headed for the water. He would have preferred to let the beach life guards perform their own rescue mission; but, by the time he notified them, he could swim out and retrieve the boat, himself. Cursing the small figure

in the boat (a girl, naturally!) he walked out until the water was up to his armpits, then plunged in. The boat was not more than 200 yards offshore. He had swum this distance many times while training for the fifty-yard dash—and that had been in fresh water. Here on the Jersey coast he felt that he could swim all the way to Africa. The salt water buoyed up his spirits as well as his body, so that, after a while, he no longer resented having to interrupt his beach explorations to rescue some silly dame in a boat.

But Derek was a child of the inland. He did not know that a breeze, even then, was moving out to the cool sea from the still sun-warmed land. It carried the small boat out almost as fast as Derek could swim, and it created small wavelets that broke against his face and



filled his stomach with salt water. He was not used to this kind of swimming.

At the end of a half hour, he realized he was, very likely, about to drown.

But then, after the green blanket that covered him turned red, then black (and he knew he was drowning) and the cries of the sea birds turned to a great roaring in his ears, to be suddenly silenced (and he knew he was dead), the black turned back to red, then blue, and the sea birds' cries returned, and he was watching the birds wheel overhead in the sky above the boat.

Lying beside him in the bottom of the boat, was the girl. Her name was Julie Black and she was the editor of the school paper and that was all he knew about her—not counting the obvious things like the fact that she

was not the prettiest girl in the class and was almost as tall as Derek himself.

He stared at her for a time, unable to speak, as she looked back at him from lacklustre eyes. Then, "You saved my life," he said, "you pulled me out." He shook his head in awe. *She had saved his life.* For a time, this thought crowded all others from his mind. After a while, however, he became aware of the darkening sky, the growing chill and the receding shoreline, all of which, together, meant trouble.

The girl, noting his concern, looked frightened. "What if we drift out of sight of land?" she asked, "—or what if they don't see us before dark?"

He assured himself that there was no more gas in the tank of the outboard, and that

(Cont. on p. 60)

America's Latest Import

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

BY HARVEY KEANE

LAST YEAR a respectable North Carolina businessman was arrested for bigamy after it was learned that he had been maintaining two households (the second in Virginia). Commented a friend after the arrest: "He was extremely kind to both wives and both families. He didn't think he was doing anything especially bad."

Also last year, the Liz Taylor, Richard Burton came to a boil — with each of the two lovers' respective spouses beating a hasty retreat. Wrote social historian Max Lerner: "Liz has thrown aside all pretense of conforming to the world's professed moral patterns, and says quite simply that this is how it is and what will you do about it? What most people do about it is to get ready to see her and her lover as *lovers* in the picture they did together."

The fact that millions of Americans stand ready to shell out close to \$70,000,000 to see La Taylor and Burton (whom Winston Churchill once described as the "most virile Hamlet I have ever seen") is a sign that the times have changed. "Something else has happened in the Elizabeth Taylor story," wrote Lerner.



Nowadays a secretary is no longer her employer's second wife in name only.

"I think it has happened not to her but to the American people."

Yet, if the sexual revolution is taking place over here, it is a phenomenon that has been going on in Europe for a long time—in fact since the end of World War II.

In January, 1948, London courts were astonished to learn that in the previous 12 months they'd processed no less than 168 bigamy cases! Some heartless lads had managed to marry, since the war, as many as 13 and 16 unsuspecting young women each! Indeed, the women too were getting into the thing. Typical was the Bristol blonde who had wed two sailors, telling each that his wife was her twin sister. "It has got as easy as buying a dog license," complained crankily a Mr. Justice Wrottesley. "The Government does not seem to take the least interest in trying to prevent these unions."

By 1951, one baby in every eight born in Liverpool was brazenly confessed as illegitimate. In 1954, the first English key clubs with "Special Shows" and "Hostesses for All" were being advertised openly. Soon these were joined by "Theater Clubs," wherein members might endure the bolder dramas, films and poetry readings at that time officially banned — on the public stages.

It was also in the 1950's that a series of sensational literary trials evolved. In one, a publisher told Her Majesty's shocked justices that *Lady Chatterly* should be "made available," because it is "in her nature as an average-sexed woman to go to a hut and copulate with her husband's gamekeeper." A clergyman witness whose rank was Director of Religious Education, in Birmingham, assured the court that "young persons might learn a lot of good from the book." Most of us had already read the novel, of course. The thing was, we

weren't ready (then) to accept an adulteress as "average-sexed," nor to have our church leaders meet such a splendid fictionalization of one head-on with rave reviews.

Come 1957, London police were having a bad time with the "widespread mess of teenagers making love right in the blooming coffee 'ouses." Soon enough, however, the Quakers, of all people, attempted to set everyone straight with a report which began bravely and briskly as follows: "The recent increase in adolescent sexual intimacy is not sinful. It is fairly common in girls and boys with high standards of conduct and integrity to have one or two love affairs, involving intercourse, before they find the person they will ultimately marry."

Then, in 1961, Dr. George Carstairs, head of Edinburgh University's renowned psychological medicine department, proclaimed what everybody but a few diehard bobbies already knew: "We have found a new morality to fit the hushed-up facts of life... the popular morality is now a wasteland, littered with the debris of broken convictions. A new concept of sexual relation-



A sailor's U.S. girlfriend doesn't care if he also has a girl in another port.

This time it's the Europeans who are setting the pace in pursuit of life and love — and Americans are happily following along.

ships as a source of pleasure has emerged..."

Next, as the Archbishop of Canterbury spat out against "today's preoccupation with bigger and better sex," and the staid NEW STATESMAN asked "Are Virgins Obsolete?," the long-conservative BBC televised many candid hours on *Intercourse*, *Abortion*, et al. Now, in 1963, one can hardly agree with a U.S. newsman's evaluation that Britons are undergoing a mere "lessening of Victorian shame." Rather, in the words of their own dignified philosopher, V. S. Pritchett, they're smack in the middle of "a revolution which is one of the few blessings in the life of this century."

With ill-concealed glee, for some time now Britain has been exporting her new-found pleasures to its after-all-is-said-and-done, still favorite son, the U.S.A. These have come in new books, musical comedies (complete with bawdy casts of 50), and in-person visits of such "modern Saxons" as the late Dylan Thomas, whose friends report as having seduced two coeds a day at every U.S. campus visited.

Thus, as DeGaulle is beginning to

clean up France ("From here on, our films will be censored before export and France will have a better name for it"), while Italy is outlawing prostitution (to an estimated annual loss of \$21,000,000 in taxes), out of step as always, America ironically is finding herself in the beginnings of her love revolution.

The signs of the latter are both subtle and sledge-hammering, depending on where the student of contemporary Americana chooses to look.

In the interests of conserving space, let us examine the tell-tale evidences in fairly cryptic fashion:

FT. LAUDERDALE: These annual college kid get-togethers began a few years ago as Easter holidays beer-busts, now have graduated to include such other pleasures as "date-swapping" and "two-on-one-sies." Counterparts have gotten started on three west coast beaches and, over St. Patrick's Day, in the large New York City hotels. Their effect has been as terrifying on pre-college youth as it has been on grey-haired old grads. The former now have more high school pregnancies than ever and the latter simply have more grey hairs.

U. OF ILLINOIS: When a student editorial worried about on-campus petting, biology professor Leo Koch answered: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice available at the nearest drugstore, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it... the important hazard is only that a public discussion of sex will offend the religious feelings of our leaders." He was right. A church officer read Koch's remarks, then demanded (and received) his dismissal through letters he wrote to the parents of every female student enrolled.

INDIANA: In 1959, Dr. Paul Gebhard of the (Kinsey) Institute for Sex Research was ridiculed for discovering, "One of the problems is that the law is so constituted that a great deal of human sexual activity is illegal." However, in 1961, Dr. Karl Bowman, a past president of the American Psychiatric Society, was applauded when he suggested to the California Legislature it delete most sex crimes from the books. "Any sex act carried out between two willing adults in private," he said, "should not rank as an offense. I am not arguing it is to be approved, only that it is not a crime. You should draw a line between things you disapprove of and things you want to change by law... it is society rather than some universal moral law which determines a sex offense. In biology, there is no such thing as a perversion."

HOLLYWOOD: Early 1960's films such as *Psycho* and *Butterfield 8* began treating seduction lightly. Roman Catholic Bishops of the U.S. met alleged "increase of morally objectionable films — a serious national crisis," with periodic boycotts of all films, (Cont. on next page)



Lovers who like to go camping find no questions asked by park authorities.



Clandestine love in cars is no longer necessary with freer sexual attitudes.

America's Sexual Revolution

period. Motion Picture Association, through unprecedented valor, or perhaps just the news that wholesome films expert, Walt Disney, was losing \$1,500,000 a year, countered: "Movies are good now. We're undergoing an evolution to adult-oriented production."

NEW YORK: James Jones tells Art Buchwald in 1961, "Four-letter words don't shock us anymore; they have become so much a part of our language. There is one four-letter word that I think is the most beautiful in the English language. Why should the word this act represents be considered filthy?"

PHILADELPHIA: In 1961, led by Esther Jacoby, a spinster secretary in her late 40's, a grand jury comprised of average U.S. citizenry, proposes the city open and supervise red-light houses. Veteran local vice squad head is flabbergasted ("My God, I haven't been shocked by anything else in 20 years!!!"). Police commissioner is also upset ("This is a reflection of the community's thinking and it isn't good."). Mayor Dilworth is taken by surprise ("I just can't comment on it."). The grand jury foreman, a warehouseman, explains they reached decision after discussing situations in other countries, "where it is legal." Miss Jacoby tells reporters: "I sat in court and heard 102 sex crimes for February. I got to thinking that a lot of rape is needlessly going on."

CALIFORNIA: Judge Milo E. Dye, of Walnut Grove, after assessing \$650 in fines against a man and four women caught in a 1962 brothel raid, told them: "I must enforce the law but prostitution, which was started by Adam and Eve, will exist as long as we have male and female. State 'houses' would protect our juvenile and virtuous women, and allow large numbers of transient workers in our area" to have opportunity of obtaining "satisfaction without having to violate the law." In the week before her death, Marilyn Monroe, by now her shameful early stint as an unclothed calendar girl reconciled, of-

fers a photog exclusive rights to nearly-bare shots of her from the set of *Something's Got to Give*. She also negotiated that week still another sale of a nude photograph to a picture magazine, "Because I want the world to see my body."

ALABAMA: A N.J. reader criticizes COSMOPOLITAN for running a bikini photo on a 1961 cover. Hundreds of others mail in protests against the N.J. protest. One of them, an Ala. lass, 23, writes: "My views are quite old-fashioned. I'm always being called an old prude by my family. Yet my view is that anyone who finds your June cover shocking is a complete failure at being a woman in our modern day."

WASHINGTON: Office of Vital Statistics announces, in 1962, sharp uptrend in illegitimate births, says it is coming from "every section of the country, in all age brackets, and among members of all races."

EVERYWHERE: Jim Bishop, Catholic author of *The Day Christ Died*, is bothered by word that a Protestant minister in Oregon has been punished for explaining sex. In his syndicated column, Bishop vows, "I'm with the minister. Sex is a source of trouble only to those who do not understand it. I would like to meet the ladies and gentlemen who form the Board of Education that degraded him. I would like to stare down into their beady eyes and ask one question: 'If it wasn't for sex, where would you be right now?'"

EVERYWHERE: A 1962 poll shows more and more of America's 228,000 ministers are being asked regularly to provide counsel on sex. But, "Among the best of those who are already counseling, 35% did not know the woman is most likely to become pregnant midway between menstruation periods, 13% believed falsely masturbation has a damaging effect on the human body, 40% were unaware that after menopause a woman's desire is as strong as before and often stronger." Presently, poll promises, many denominations will take "increasing steps to prepare

ministers for this important new responsibility."

NEW YORK: A few months ago, the licenses commissioner actually moved to protect New Yorkers seeking pornography in cinemas. Checking up on the many theaters showing nudism and other snappy films, he found several in which the billboard ads proclaimed "a much hotter show than the movie itself turned out to be." So, he suspended their licenses until they promised to be honest. Murray Kempton commented in the N.Y. POST, "We live in a town about which there is nothing clean—except its sex movies."

OHIO: In 1961, police searching for gambling paraphernalia in a housewife's cellar, found some pornographic books. She told court these belonged to a roomer temporarily absent, but was sent to the penitentiary on obscenity conviction for merely possessing the books. While reviewing the case, the highest Ohio court "lost" one of the books. Later, it disagreed with a Civil Liberties Union lawyer who argued, "The obscenity law has a potentially inhibiting effect...when a policeman can come between a housewife and her library."

In Washington, Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter and associates were fascinated and amused at the tirades of Cleveland Asst. Prosecutor, Mrs. Gertrude Mahon. "If I am a bibliophile and have an obscene book, because it was printed in 1527, am I guilty?" Frankfurter asked Mrs. Mahon. "Any collector would be," she answered levelly. "Mark Twain was one of the biggest collectors," he continued. "I can tell you right now where the collection is—but that is outside your jurisdiction." What was unprecedented here was the lawyer's arguing against a law because it "inhibits" and a high Federal justice's conclusion: "I am not stimulating you to any more prosecutions."

LAS VEGAS: Carol Channing, long billed as "The Sexy Blonde," in 1961 tears up

(Cont. on p. 67)



*Up where the deer and
the antelope play is the retreat
of a dear—Rita Vargas.*

*A
Mountain
Vacation*



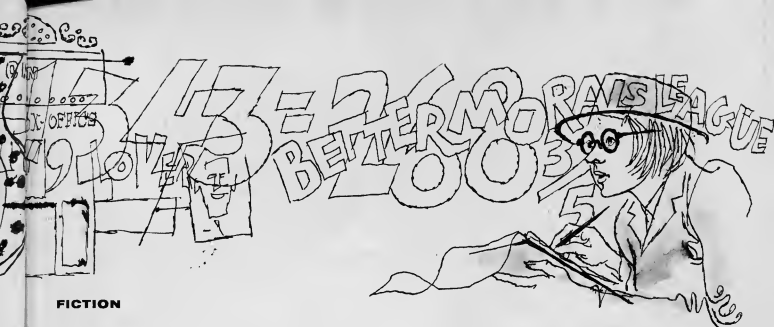


*Sun Valley, famous
for great ski runs, is
also highly popular
as a summer resort.
Here, Rita provides a
sunny touch of her
own in this paradise
in Idaho's mountains.*









FICTION

"ONE THOUSAND three hundred and forty-three." The little man paused reverently for a moment before adding, "At the latest count, of course."

"How many?"

The number sounded even more impressive when it was repeated. I had no doubt that it could have been repeated all day long without losing much of its original punch.

"That is very good," I admitted. "He's still only in his twenties, isn't he?"

"Twenty-six," the little man answered with some pride. "And, since he began keeping count when he reached the age of twenty-one, that makes an average of two hundred sixty-eight and three-fifths women per year."

I decided not to ask about that three-fifths woman. I was having enough trouble trying to make heads or tails of the conversation as it was.

I turned my visitor's calling card over again, hoping that it would give me some clue. It didn't. The same black letters were staring blankly at me:

"OVERWORLD PICTURES." And, in smaller type: "Dan Lacy, Public Relations Department." But I still couldn't understand why Overworld would send a man to my office in order to boast about the manly prowess of their number one English star.

"Very impressive," I murmured in response to Lacy's last statement. "But I don't see what it has to do with me."

"You are Kingsford the detective, aren't you?" Lacy shifted nervously, as though he were suddenly afraid that he had wandered into the office of a C.P.A. by mistake.

"That's what it says on the door," I answered patiently.

"Ah," he said, breathing easier. "Well, I merely wanted you to have the background on Kent first. That is, so you'll understand the situation when I tell you just how we would like to . . . er . . . employ your services."

I grunted. A private detective doesn't stay in business long if he's not a master at the art of being diplomatic to prospective clients. But this cat was beginning to get on my nerves. I mean, I'd have had to have been deaf, dumb and blind not to know that the British lover-boy,

Kent Fahrnrwell, was a jim-dandy operator with the ladies. I said something of the sort to Lacy.

He actually beamed. "Yes, the press has written him up."

I thought I smelled a rat. "That's your doing, huh? Good publicity. Helps bring the girls into your movie houses."

Lacy corrected me quickly: "No, no. Everything that Kent did, he did on his own! Oh, I'll admit we might have talked him up with the press boys. And the news write-ups certainly don't hurt his box-office. But all his conquests were strictly legit. One thousand. . . ."

"Let's not start that again," I cut in. "I'm willing to take your word for it: He's the genuine article. But where do I fit in?"

"I'm coming to that. Just be patient for a moment or two." He pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, chose one and lit it. "I don't know if you are aware of this," he went on, "but Kent has made all of his films either in England or the European continent. Not only that, but he has never even been to the States to help publicize his movies."

I nodded.

"Never, that is, until now. Overworld has talked him into coming over next week for (Cont. on next page)

THE MAN WHO OUTDID ERROL FLYNN

BY MORTON J. GOLDING

How can a Lothario overcome having too many girls?

The Man Who Outdid Errol Flynn

the premier of *Love and Death*!" "Congratulations," I said. Actually, he wasn't telling me anything I didn't know. The gossip columns had been filled with nothing else for the past two weeks.

"Now, here's where we get to the delicate part. I told you that Kent's remarkable athletic feats have been great for the box-office. But now we have an unexpected problem."

"What's wrong? Is he starting to tire?" I was beginning to get suspicious, once again. I've done a lot of things under the guise of operating my own detective agency. But finding new females for tired out movie stars was not among them.

Lacy stared blankly at me for a moment, then broke into a sudden laugh. "Don't worry," he said. "It's nothing like that. This boy is amazing. An iron man!"

"Then what...?"

"The problem is that his very success, his very preeminence, threatens to become a liability."

"I don't..."

"It's not that his fame won't still help to fill theatres," he said, ignoring my interruption. "But if he adds to that fame while in this country, his films may not be around for people to see!"

"But, why...?"

"Jealousy. The jealousy of lesser men toward one who may be an all time great in his field."

"Go on," I prodded.

"You've heard of the Better Morals League, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you know that it is run by one Augustus C. Clump, whose wife left him on the morning following the wedding. Twenty-one years have passed since that morning, and Clump has not been near a woman since. That, of course, is his problem. My problem is that it makes him terribly upset when any other man gets too close to a woman. And with his great batting average, Kent Fahrwell has become his prime target. If Kent gets into any trouble at

all on this trip, Clump threatens to have his league press to ban each and every one of his films!"

"How long will Fahrwell be here?"

"Two days. He's flying in next Tuesday and is due back in London on Thursday night."

"That doesn't seem too long a time to make him agree to..."

"Oh, Kent will agree to anything. He's a very charming guy. But once he lays eyes on a beautiful woman, he forgets all about the agreement. He can't help himself. That's the way he is."

"So, what are you going to do?"

"Hire you!"

"Me? What the devil can I do about the situation?"

"I've heard that you are the most resourceful private eye in New York City. If anyone can think of a way to keep Kent from pursuing his favorite sport for two days, it will be yourself."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lacy. I'd like to help, but it's a little out of my line."

"I think the money might interest you," he said, naming a figure that made me feel weak in the knees.

"But how can it be done. Short of shooting the man, that is, or performing a minor operation..."

Lacy winced. "No! No! We need him alive and whole. Overworld has a fortune invested in this man."

"Then, how...?"

"Use persuasion. Buy the women off. You can kill as many of them as you want, by the way, just as long as you don't hurt Kent."

"I see."

"And, of course, you'll have an unlimited expense account. Will you take the job?"

"Yes," I said, feeling like a prize sucker.

Lacy turned to go, but stopped before he got half-way to the door.

"One more thing," he said.

"What's that?"

"Take a look at this picture."

He handed me a photograph of a woman. At least I thought it was a

woman. She had on a manish suit, wore no make-up, had her hair cut in straight bangs and there was a fierce, predatory expression in her eyes. "What is that?" I asked.

"That," Lacy said, "is Betty Clump."

"Augustus C.'s daughter?"

"You have it. The result of that single night of wedded bliss I told you about. She is chief investigator for the Better Morals League. Watch out for her!"

"I don't see how I could miss her," I said.

The following Tuesday I drove out with Lacy to Idlewild in order to greet the British charm boy.

Lacy shepherded him to a press conference, narrowly prevented him from asking two of the female correspondents to take him on a tour of Central Park, then took him back to his hotel where he left the two of us alone.

"Tell me, old boy," Fahrwell said when the door closed behind Lacy. "I don't mean to be rude, you know. But just who are you?"

"You might say I'm your body-guard." Before he could interrupt me, I told him what the situation was.

He let out a big laugh and sat there grinning at me. I felt relieved. I had no idea how he would take to the idea of a curb-rein on his love life, and had he told me to go to hell and leave I would have had to get out. But it seemed as if we were all going to be friends.

"You want to know something," he said. "I'm bushed. I had a lousy plane trip and I think I'll turn in."

He went into the bedroom of the suite and closed the door. I sat down in the livingroom, thinking that this job might turn out to be easy after all.

I should have known better, but the famous Fahrwell charm had me completely conned. At least for a half hour.

Then, I went into the bedroom and saw that it was empty!

I cursed all movie (Cont. on p. 61)

WHERE WOMEN ARE WILLING



"...And for fifty dollars more
you get this stowaway."



"Careful. Here comes our
husband. Act as if you
stumbled into a crowd."



"When do we run out of gas?"



"How was your three weeks stay
at that nice young man's pad?"

String Along

Those who doubt that a pretty girl's like a melody should see Sandra Montez, as she strikes a gay note on her well-tuned guitar. A Mexican lass with striking red hair, Sandra has scored a big success in films south of the border.





This beauty has the wonderful knack of making each and every performance as easy to listen to as she is to look at. Cantinflas, the great comedian of Mexico, says she'll go big in the United States.





The songs that Sandra prefers are mostly those created by the Gypsies of Spain. Her sense of rhythm is so superb, she really puts a brilliant flame into a Flamenco guitar.





When burlesque houses of the 30s added "take-it-off" dances to go

THE RISE AND FALL OF



along with takeoff comedy, U.S. males were never in better humor.

THE STRIP TEASE

BY
CLAUDE H. JANNECK

IT WAS BACK in 1953 that Ann Corio, one of the best as well as one of the best-known of the old time strip tease queens, announced that burlesque wasn't just dying—it was dead!

Today, ten years later, the still-attractive Miss Corio would probably be the first to admit that the obit she pronounced was premature. Now starring in the off-Broadway production of *This Was Burlesque*, Ann is doing her best to bring to a more blasé and sophisticated age, the wild and wooly era when burlesque was at its height. So far, the show has been on the boards for over a year and has grossed more than \$900,000—a nice chunk of cash to wring out of a "corpse."

The truth is that burlesque is no more extinct than that other perennial dead man—the so-called "legitimate" theatre. Not only will you find "burly-Q" houses still in business in many towns throughout the country, but also other branches of the entertainment industry are using the same performers and the same material. The baggy-pants humor, along with the strip tease, itself, can be found in night-spots, musical reviews and nudie movies. But if burlesque and the strip tease aren't dead, no one can deny that they aren't what they used to be. Each year there are fewer and fewer strip houses around, and those that have survived are apt at any time to run into police censorship and local objection.

What happened?

In a way it was the strip tease that pushed "burly-Q" off its high perch on the entertainment ladder. In doing so, it shook its own status as the favorite art form of the eager-male. The problem was that the strip became too successful. The

girls went further and further. Eventually the "moral" citizens clamped down.

Any old timer will probably tell you that the strip in all its glorious forms was the very heart of burly. Actually, though, the bump and grind routines were late-comers to the scene. Burlesque originally was based on comedy—broad humor that made fun of the serious things in life.

In ancient Greece, Aristophanes wrote what later was labeled burlesque. In Seventeenth century England, practically every hit tragedy was followed by a savage burlesque of itself, and the raucous comedy form became a fixture of the English stage. In this country, burlesque began with *The Black Crook*, a musical extravaganza which opened its doors in New York City in 1866. The show not only featured lampoons, slightly off-color jokes and songs—but also women in tights. That show and others like it were immediate hits. And, though there was no such thing as a Gallup Poll in those days, it became obvious that the ladies of the chorus were attracting at least as many male customers as the skits and music. Leg art, as it was starting to be called, was paying off.

As a result, honky-tonks and music halls sprang up from San Francisco's Barbary Coast to New York's Bowery. And by the 1890s, true burlesque theatres were coming into their own. Yet, while the girls of those days undoubtedly showed their legs, they were quite overdressed by modern standards. You see far more of the charms of the average television dancer today, than you would have of the girls in the most daring burlesque chorus lines of the "good old days." Even the famous Little Egypt—actually a Syrian girl named



The strip still goes, but in the small niteries where it's racier than ever.

Fahrada Mahazar—wore a dancing costume that exhibited far less of her torso than a modern bikini bathing suit which you can see on most any beach. To see more flesh than this, you would have needed to visit one of the illegal, but flourishing brothels, like those that dotted New York's Tenderloin district.

In 1892, after a visit to a bordello, the anti-vice crusader, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, testified that he watched five girls perform a dance routine that he described as "obscene." The girls shocked the good minister by first blindfolding the piano player (presumably so he could concentrate on his work) and then removing their clothes before going into their (Cont. on next page)

The Rise and Fall of the Strip Tease

act. But up until the late 1920s, at least, the burlesque houses, themselves, remained strangely innocent. In the fancier theatres, which drew the Park Avenue trade, this was not true. Productions such as Earl Carroll's *Vanities and Artists and Models*, featured girls who posed naked from the waist up. Until 1928, this was unheard of in a "burly-Q" palace.

Then in 1928, the modern strip-tease was invented. It happened in Chicago. A luscious, young dancer was strutting her stuff before an appreciative audience when her bra-strap broke. Suddenly, her most spectacular charms were in full view of everyone. Nevertheless, the dancer kept moving, jiggling and bouncing. The audience nearly went out of its collective mind, screaming and shouting for more. The young lady was ready to oblige them. The following night, she arranged her bra so that it would "accidentally" break all over again. Eventually, of course, the dancer was arrested and brought before a judge. "I can't help it if my strap breaks," she is reported to have told the sympathetic magistrate.

It didn't take long for other theatres and other dancers to latch on to the idea. The strip seemed a perfect answer to rev up interest in the then-faltering burlesque circuit. A simple psychological and biological truth that seemed self-evident—now became apparent: A girl coming out before the audience dressed and then removing her clothes was sexier than if she appeared in her *au naturel* from the start.

The first of the great strip tease queens of the Thirties was Ann Corio, who is now doing so much to revive an interest in the art. Ann's biggest rival then was Gypsy Rose Lee — probably the most famous stripper of all time and the only one I know of who has written two murder mysteries as well as articles for

the *New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar*. As most everyone knows, Gypsy was the daughter of a "stage mother" and started her show-business career as a child. Actually, she was featured in an act called *Dainty June and her Newsboy Songsters* which starred her sister, June Havoc. In 1931, at the age of seventeen, she broke into burlesque and, in the words of the great Billy Minsky, "elevated the strip tease to seven minutes of sheer act."

Gypsy's routines combined sex with sophistication. Even though her patter may have been above the heads of her audience, she made them like it. Just how much they liked it is proved by the fact that she was once given a \$10,000 weekly guarantee for a twenty-three week tour!

After Gypsy, came others who grew almost as famous. There was Margie Hart, for example, and Sally Rand whose act became one of the biggest attractions at the New York World's Fair of 1939-40.

Eventually it became apparent that the strip was killing burlesque. As I mentioned earlier, burlesque in the old days included not only girls, but comics—great comics. Some of the best-liked of today's crop of big-name comedians graduated from the "burly-Q" tradition. Yet, as the girls began to get wilder, it became harder and harder for the comics to follow them. As the situation grew more unfunny to the funny men, the better comics avoided burlesque considering it to greater disrepute.

The big blow came in New York in 1937, when Mayor Fiorello La Guardia decided to ban it from the city. Not only did the "Little Flower" refuse to renew licenses to any burlesque house, he banned the most famous "burly-Q" family of all time. According to a special directive, no place of entertainment was to be allowed to display the name Minsky! But the striptease went light-heart-

edly on: In theatres located in other towns and in night-clubs. There were even comic versions of the strip, such as the famous one in the Broadway musical, *Pal Joey*.

As for the strip tease artists, they kept getting wilder. More undressing soon became "old hat." Lili St. Cyr, the next great name in ecadysiast history, worked out a routine where she bathed and dressed on stage. Lili also did a "dance of the seven veils" which would have put the original Salome to shame.

The newer artists became what is known in the trade as exotic dancers. In the words of one observer, they started their routines where the other strippers left off. Many night spots around the country feature exotics, today. They are called "cat girls" or "jungle girls" or "voodoo girls" and feature more sensuous and violent motions than the ordinary bumps and grinds. Performers like Lilly Christine and Tempest Storm are not strip teasers in the old sense. They are often nearly bare when they begin their dances. But the idea of teasing the audience until it practically goes wild remains the same.

Since Sally Rand, strippers have frequently used special gimmicks both to help their act and to help their audiences remember them. Sally first, used a bubble, and then fans. Not too long ago, a girl named Zorita used a large snake of the non-poisonous variety; other strippers have worked with horses, totum poles and chimpanzees.

Probably the cleverest publicity gimmick, however, was thought up in 1947 by a girl named Evelyn West. Being blessed with an extra large bosom, she decided to insure her charms (I'm not sure against what!) for \$50,000. From then on, she became known as Evelyn West and her \$50,000 Treasure Chest, and her earnings took an immediate leap upwards.

Today, the barest (Cont. on p. 70)



BY RAOUL HENRY

Inside a Gossip Columnist

THOSE SOUNDS in the night that Mr. and Mrs. America read about in the morning are nothing more than the clicking of a gossip columnist's typewriter and the rattling of his brain. As is often said by newspapermen, the truth is stranger than fiction—especially the truth about the fiction that is written daily by your favorite correspondent. Confucius say: “Man with column to write and nothing to say must invent.” So here goes, Mr. and Mrs. America:

* * *

A very famous producer and his wife are pfft! The reason: She doesn't like finding him cuddling with his secretary. She used to be His Girl Friday before he made it big. (Blind items like this make for juicy tidbits and come cheap. Since no names are mentioned there's no need to fear any lawsuits.) . . . That big ruckus which woke up everybody in the Ritz at 3 ayem took place in the suite of the Count and Countess of Monte Christo. He slapped her face, and she belted him over the head with a champagne bottle. Sally never could hold her likker, even before she married a title. (It's probably half-true, based on information supplied by a snoopy bellboy, but here again there's little fear of a lawsuit. It would be beneath the dignity of the Count and Countess

to go to court where their *real* dirty linen would be bared.) . . . Rex Remy (he's the onion king) and his lovely missus are expecting an image. (Good change of pace here. Nobody likes to read *only* nasty items.) . . . Louis Romeo, the ham, doesn't know it, yet, but Myrna Lovewell has finally decided not to fall for his schmaltzy nothings. Hear she's all a-twitter over Lord Mountbathing, with whom she's been closing down London's veddy exclusive clubs. (Actually, Myrna's new man is Baron Boring, but who cares anyhow?)

* * *

Overheard at the Waltz Inn: “He gets along so well with his mother-in-law, I hear he plans to marry her.” (This item's good for a free meal.)

* * *

All the talk about Hollywood losing its dominance in the movie industry is all very sad. It used to be that Mom and Pop could take their kids to the movies, but not anymore. *Freud*, *The Balcony* and those foreign sexations shocked even your correspondent. What most people don't know is that Hollywood could have gone that way, before they managed to clean out all those commies and pinkos. (One thing every breakfast reader should know, his correspondent is an American.) ●

Lacking the information and style of Walter Winchell, many imitators are resorting to using phony gimmicks.

Lynn Cartwright's patio is wrought with beauty, surrounded by a garden that is set off by a stately wrought-iron bench.



Flagstone decor is favored by Janice Carter (top) and Alice Testman. It helps keep their keen enthusiasm for outdoors from flagging.



Each night after work, Ann Drake takes to the sun just the way a duck will take to water.



Patio Pastime



During a nap on a weekend afternoon, Louise Carson enjoys pleasant dreams, while looking like a sweet dream herself.

More and more Americans are discovering the delights of having a patio in their own backyard — including the glamor queens on these pages. The way they can enjoy the sun without any travel headaches, there's lots to be said for "stand-patio-ism."

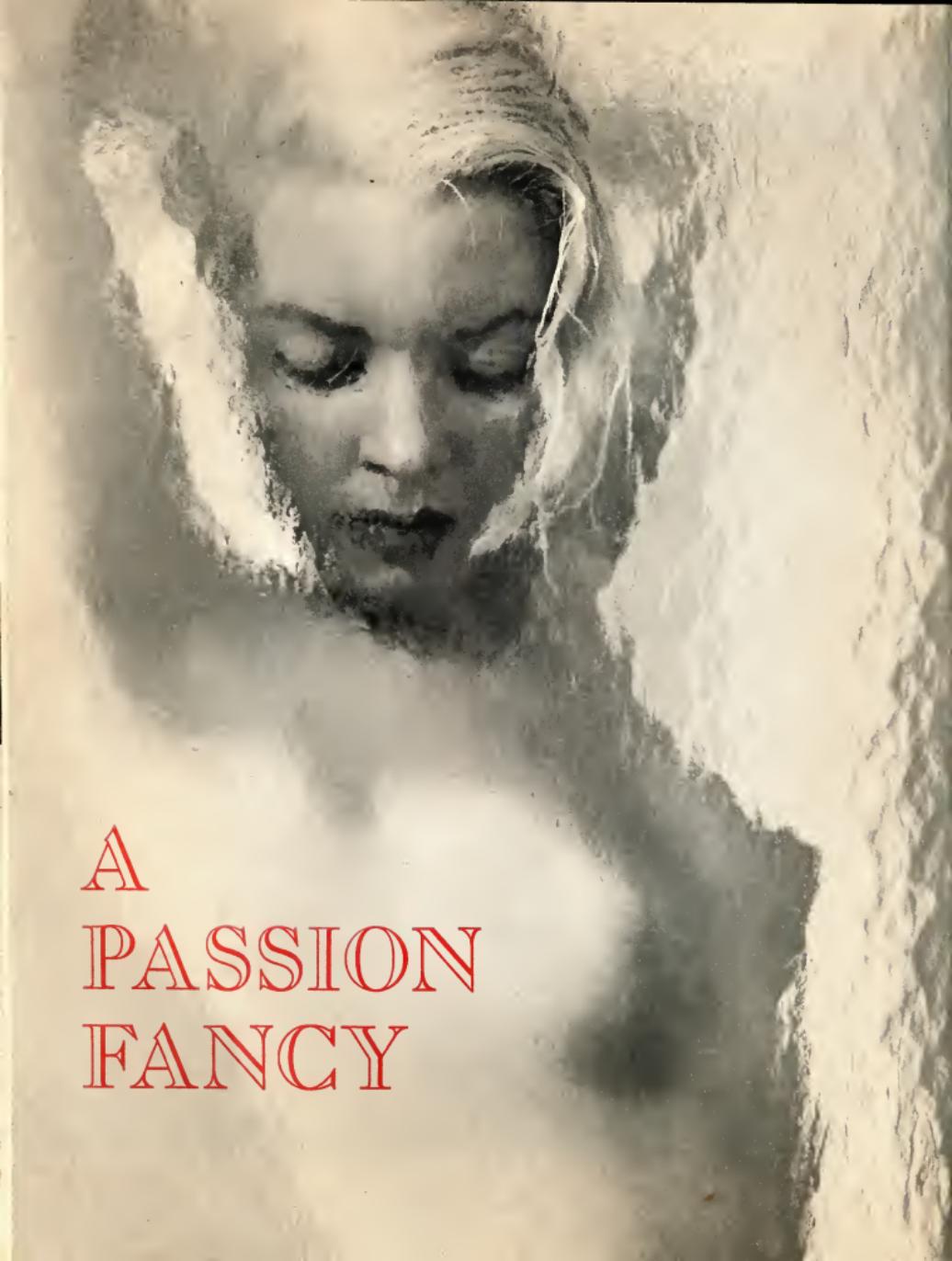


For as little as a hundred dollars
a person can build himself a nifty-looking
patio. It's not hard for the sirens on
these pages to make their secluded home
paradises look like a million dollars.



Ann Choate, Irmgarde Eicke and Alice Simms (moving clockwise from bottom) are examples of why the lass next door is likely to prove an exotic dream girl, since the exotic life for them is to be had right in their own backyard. Lily Davis (opp. page) even proves that ancient splendor can be recaptured in modern American living.





A
PASSION
FANCY

A Romeo who likes to operate with opera singers is apt to find them somewhat hectic. Yet, one luscious coloratura was able to demonstrate that she could stop trilling and still be thrilling.

FICTION/ BY JAY MARTIN

"COLORATURA, dear boy. Not just soprano," my friend Antoine Gravadi said, emphatically. "You must understand that coloraturas are different. They're. . . They're. . ."

"Wilder?" I suggested, trying to be helpful.

"Yes. . . Yes and no, that is. Crazier is a better word for it. Coloraturas are definitely crazier." He nodded, satisfied with his own explanation.

I blinked my eyes and stared at him. He was standing in the middle of the room, his short barrel-chested figure as tense as ever. More than three years had passed since my former roommate had decided to quit college in order to become an opera singer. That was at the end of our freshman term and, since then, I had graduated, gotten my first job and thought I was on the way to becoming a man of the world. But Gravadi had hardly changed at all.

He had phoned me that morning to let me know that his company was visiting my city on a summer tour and I went over to his hotel room to meet him and talk about old times.

After a while, he got around to asking me the favor that I figured he had on his mind all along.

It seemed that he and a basso named Peter Gregory had promised their favorite operatic ladies that they would take them for a ride in the

country the following day. The girls were nature buffs, he told me, and were looking forward to the ride. But he and Gregory were called unexpectedly to rehearse a new opera. Would I fill in?

Frankly, I wasn't sure. I liked Gravadi, but I didn't owe him any favors. If anything, it was the other way around. And taking out a pair of girls belonging to other men was not my idea of fun.

I should have known that Gravadi had a hidden ace to cover that objection. There'd be a third girl in the crowd, one who was quite—Gravadi winked as he said it—available. She was terrific in every way, he insisted, but he felt he had to give me one small word of warning: She was a coloratura. And coloraturas, as he pointed out, are crazy.

"Why should a coloratura be any crazier than another brand of soprano?" I asked, more because I thought he expected me to than from any profound interest in the subject. To me, a soprano was a female with all the delightful potentials that every female possesses; but no more. As for inherent differences between varieties of sopranos—the whole subject seemed far too abstract and theoretical for my taste.

Which only goes to prove how young and naive I really was.

"No. No. You don't understand," (Cont. on p. 63)

The Countess Who



Luscious Liz Bathory loved men and loved their blood even more. Few women ever put their teeth into romance as she did.

Murdered 100 Lovers

BY STUART WOOD

BIZARRE behavior has long been popularly attributed to personalities of the past—in particular those that hailed from such teratogenous regions as the ones bordering on the Carpathian Mountains. While this theory is probably too all-inclusive—many of the more illustrious personages undoubtedly lived lives of extreme normality—it is equally true that quite a few of history's celebrities broke all the rules of conventional conduct.

In this taxonomy belongs Liz Bathory—the extraordinary black-haired, full-bosomed Countess Elizabeth.

The countess, like Helena Rubinstein, *et al.*, was hung on the idea of a fountain of youth. This crotchet, harmless when confined to the beauty parlor, is something again when carried to the extreme of a recipe whose sole ingredient is human blood.

A member of the most powerful family in Hungary, Countess Liz was a niece of Stephen Bathory, the King of Poland and a prince of Transylvania. One uncle was a cardinal, another was Gyorgy Thurzo, the Hungarian prime minister.

Liz was born in 1560 on one of the vast Bathory estates—in a district where the peasants were afraid of the dark.

She was barely of age when she decided to take a partner to bed and board in order to help lighten the monotony of the long Carpathian nights. She chose as a mate the Errol Flynn of her day, a condottiere named Count Ferenze Nadasy.

The two set up housekeeping in the count's castle high in the bleak mountains of northeastern Hungary. The young countess furnished the place to suit her own droll taste, setting aside a chamber where she could pursue her researches in the then popular art of necromancy.

A few months of this bliss were enough for Ferenze, who thereupon set about polishing his armor prior to taking up the cause of some monied sorehead.

"I'll miss you Liz," he called as he waved his spouse a fond farewell, "but it's off to the wars for me."

That night Liz decamped with a neighboring baron. Gossip had it that this character was an eccentric who suffered from the same affliction as Count Dracula. If he did, he more than (Cont. on next page)

The Countess Who Murdered 100 Lovers

met his match in Liz. The dear girl was back home in less than a week.

"He died quite suddenly," she informed the curious, omitting to mention what she'd done with the body.

It is said that in the year her husband absented himself, Liz amused herself in this fashion with nearly a hundred sundry males.

Ferenze turned up again none the worse for his military escapades, and he and his lady resumed their idyl. The count smiled when someone told him of his wife's infidelity with the baron.

"I pity the fellow," said he. "I know her ladyship well. The man that fools around with that little number will never live to rue the day."

Shortly afterwards, the prophetic nobleman was off again to sell his glaive to the highest bidder.

Liz kept the home fires burning, occasionally taking time out from her theatrical delvings to send her lord edifying little missives, some of which still survive.

"Catch a black cat," she penned, "and beat it bloodie with a white stick. Cast the bodie upon thy enemy..."

When the count grew weary of pursuing his foes with the remains of pulverized felines, he returned to the arms of his gentle countess. The night following this homecoming, the domestics were awakened by a blood-curdling scream.

"Your dear master was carried away during the night," Liz told the help next morning. Then she clammed up tight as the proverbial mollusk.

"The old devil was carried away all right," Johannes Ujvary, the lugubrious major-domo commented darkly. "See, he's no more than a bag of bones."

Count Nadasy was laid out in state and his old retainers filed past the bier to pay their last respects. Saucerlike their eyes froze on the dead man's throat. They didn't need Bela Lugosi to tell them what the two tiny puncture marks in the jug-

ular signified. It looked frightening.

Ilona Joo, a withered crone known as "Mother" Joo, nodded her head knowingly.

The others looked at one another askance and wondered who the culprit was. There was always Jozsef, a scullion who'd perished in a caldron of boiling bone broth. It was rumored the poor lad roamed the castle battlements at night.

"We should open Jozsef's grave and do what should be done," Mother Joo suggested with relish.

"And the master..." Ujvary added. Meanwhile Liz, who retired to her sanctum as soon as Ferenze was safely entombed in the family crypt, was grinding her teeth with frustration.

With all the avidity of a piranha in a goldfish bowl she poured over her collection of esoteric incunabula. She was obsessed with the notion that something was corroding her looks. "Dammit!" she swore after wading through the hundredth dusty tome. "There surely must be something."

Finally, in a large volume bound in human skin, she found what she wanted...

Not long after the count's demise, peasant girls from the hamlets about Csejthe began to disappear. Whenever the bereaved kin of the vanished maidens inquired at the castle, Ujvary was disposed to be helpful.

"Yes, your daughter was here," he told one fretting parent. "She was hungry and I gave her work. Unfortunately, the poor creature sickened and died. The place is very damp you know."

The peasants grumbled among themselves but didn't protest too loudly. Liz was a Bathory, and gossiping about that noble family was about as safe as scribbling insults on the walls of the Kremlin.

Nevertheless, as the disappearances continued, outrage overruled fear, and the taxpayers petitioned their district governor for help. This gentleman, Liz's uncle, grew purple at the suggestion that his niece's property be searched.

So the peasants went over the governor's head, imploring King Matthias — known to posterity as Matthias the Good—to do something.

Moved by his subjects' appeal, and disquieted by the merest hint of demonology, the saintly monarch dispatched a courier ordering a full and immediate inquiry into the disappearances.

The king's herald reached his destination on New Year's Eve, and was ushered promptly into the governor's presence. That dignitary, knowing his sovereign only too well, threw on some clothes over his nightshirt and started with a detachment of troops for Csejthe castle.

History does not record the sentiments of that sniveling official as he led his peeved pikemen through the driving snow. Doubtless, he cursed, as he recalled the belly-warming libation and the nubile serving wench he'd left behind him.

Cats, green-eyed and spitting, barred the castle drawbridge.

"Imps of hades!" bellowed the governor. "Off with their heads!"

Wearily the sullen soldiery attempted to lop off a few feline heads as the cats took off to warn their noble mistress.

"After them!" the governor howled. "And may the Lord God protect our eyes from the sights they may behold."

Descending a coil of stone steps leading to the dungeons, the governor and his men found themselves in a low chamber filled with crepuscular light. Naked maidens, blue with cold, were chained to the walls. Some looked lifeless and shrunken; others mute with fear. The governor's search was over.

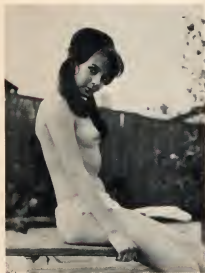
The countess and her two faithful servants, Johannes Ujvary and Ilona Joo, cowered in a corner. They knew their New Year's Eve party was over—for good. The governor strode over to where his niece was crouching and stared unbelievably into her dilated eyes.

"Liz," he said weakly, "you must be drunk."

(Cont. on p. 65)



SUMMER STOCK ACTRESS



What's her line? This issue's cover girl, Nina DuVant, has plenty—and she delivers each like a Bernhardt.

See next page



More than one critic

has noted the similarity in

looks between Nina and

movie star Audrey Hepburn.

"Yet, we're not alike

in the type of roles we

play," says Nina. Still, TV

moguls think she'll put

enough vision into

television to rate a role

in a video version of an old

Hepburn stage hit, "Gigi."



At La Jolla Playhouse, Nina has played in a variety of productions, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to "The Children's Hour." This summer she'll give Easterners a sample of her skills, performing in Bucks County.

Current studies of the human brain have revealed startling facts about success.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN SPITE OF YOURSELF



BY WELLES DAWES

You don't need magic to get ahead—just the ability to do what comes naturally.

IN 1947, when Allie Reynolds was traded to the New York Yankees by the Cleveland Indians in exchange for second baseman Joe Gordon, he had already acquired the reputation of a "gopher ball" pitcher. Allie, who possessed a steaming fast ball, but only a fair curve, invariably was found serving up a home run pitch that cost the Indians the game. "Allie has great potential," said Indian owner Bill Veeck graciously, in explaining the trade, "but we need Gordon to play alongside Lou Boudreau." The trade worked out well for Cleveland, who won the pennant and world series in 1948—but it also worked out well for the New Yorkers, who, led by Reynolds, took the next five successive world championships. As a Yankee, Reynolds became one of baseball's all-time great competitors. "Once he put on those pin-stripes, it seemed as though his whole personality

changed," wrote a New York sports columnist. "Instead of choking in the clutch, Allie got stronger. It was always the other team that failed."

Reynolds, who turned apologetic with rage whenever anyone suggested he had been a "choke up" pitcher with Cleveland, snorted, "The Yankees are a different kind of ball club. They get you runs, where Cleveland didn't. They make the play behind you. They make you feel the game doesn't depend on every pitch, and so you can relax more and pitch better."

The phenomenon of a mediocre performer becoming a star after donning Yankee pin-stripes is an old one. It has happened to Monte Pearson, Ed Lopat, Bob Kuzava, Roger Maris and many others. The cause has often been described as "that old Yankee magic." Yet, magic it is not!

"Each of us has a mental picture

of himself, a self-image which governs much of his conduct and outlook," wrote Dr. Maxwell Maltz in his book, *Psycho-Cybernetics*. "When this self-image is one you can feel proud of, you feel self-confident. You feel free to be yourself and to express yourself. You function at your best."

This has been demonstrated time and again not only in the world of sports but in all walks of life. The salesman who likes himself exudes confidence and power and imbues the customer with the same feelings. After the sale has been made, the customer usually leaves with the conviction that he has gained something, not that he has been conned. Lawyers with strong self-images have often swayed juries to their points of view, despite the fact that their cases initially seemed hopelessly lost. Actors free of corrosive self-doubt (Cont. on p. 72)





Having a High Time

Thinking of trying a mountain resort or dude ranch? You'll be

ONE OF THE MOST DAZZLING advertising sections of any major newspaper is the subsection devoted to resorts and vacationing. The bachelor who's a freshman at reading such ads will find himself asea as a result of the many beguiling cuts and copy which swarm over the sheet. In the "high" altitudes of low mountains you are invited to swim, golf, boat, tennis, dance, see movies and nightclub. In the more posh resorts you also get game rooms and four-star entertainment talent.

The game rooms advertised have nothing in common with the palaces of excesses popular in Roman times. They are merely well outfitted rooms for pool, billiards, and ping pong. They provide no opportunity to attempt to gambit or two with the opposite sex.

Understandably, the utopias in the mountains

which offer the least to the gay blade are the resorts which pride themselves on exclusiveness. I warn you now, if you hie to such a snobby villa, you're blindly walking into a marriage mart which runs as perfectly as a tuned racing car.

From the time your car door opens with the eager hands of three bellhops to the moment you pay your considerable bill on leaving, you are watched with the adroitness of Scotland Yard surveillance. Immediately distressing is the variety and extent of wardrobe such an establishment demands. You'll need casual attire, swimsuits, tennis clothes, and after the sun sinks behind the rolling mountains, you'll have to drag out a dinner jacket—either custom tailored or one that looks like it.

Introductions to new companions comes off informally but nevertheless with complete scrutiny.



High in the Hills

happy you "dood" it — if it's the right one. / By Maury Delman

You will be introduced to her via father or mother who are always standing by in the wings, prepared to cue their daughter's every action. If, after a day's frolic with your new found playmate there's evidence of rapport, you may get an invitation to join the family at table. Questions will be skillfully asked as to the nature of your business or profession, education, family affiliations, prospects and other indices of eligibility will be pried, digested, and evaluated. The nights are not a complete bust. Discreetly, the parents will retire to other rooms which allows you the privacy of the dance floor and the opportunity to play the balcony scene. If you can abide with being a silhouette in moonlight on a veranda, the sport of courting à la the exclusive resort can be tolerable. Perhaps your aims are to cast for the bride with the well-heeled family. In

that case, your odds for a "successful introduction" are better than 6-to-1 in your favor.

Candidly speaking, not every bachelor wants to take a vacation with the goal of losing his "free-man" status. In that event he must select a resort that offers all the activities but without the penalty of ultra-tone, escalated rates and parents lurking in the shadows. Such a resort can include a good table, a variety of sport facilities, and good service but the edge of pompousness must be absent. A tip to the kind of resort better suited to the "in motion" bachelor can be garnered from teaser copy which often reads: *HAPPY DAY LODGE—honeymooners and care-free escapists enjoy your holiday in the mountain pines. Fine dining, drinking, dancing and gala star entertainment . . .* Another sample reads typically: *LAKE SUCCESS* (Cont. on next page)

Having a High Time High in the Hills

HOUSE Beautiful 10-mile lake, golf, swimming, folk and square dancing, informal atmosphere... Note this ad connotes an entire different staging. It is keyed to guys and gals who want their vacation play unhindered by continual wardrobe changes. It doesn't mean that the clientele are sartorial beachcombers; they simply wear sensible clothing for sensible play. Obviously the silk sheath, or the organdy dress are hardly the attire for a lively round of square dancing or post ballroom embraces. In contrast, the garb for folk or square dancing is hardly enough to move from dance floor to woods floor without unduly concerning the players.

In the same vein, the dude ranch pitches to those who like their romping rustic. Ad copy for this audience reads: *Silver Saddle Bar — diverse sports, good food, congenial companions and the conveniences of modern living with the color of the Old West.*

Doubtless, you will like the type of filly that registers at a dude ranch. You can bet a silver dollar she'll be as high spirited as a maverick. Eight out of ten of them can't distinguish between an English saddle and a western but her quasi-equestrian skills are of no consequence. What counts here is the elan of the lassies in blue jeans. A long horseback trip capped with a round or two at the bar after the ride does wonders to promote a friendly disposition. The dude ranch caters to young people who are all out for outdoor play and all in from indoor play. It is not necessary to sit a mount with the talent of a polo player to score on dude ranches. You will, however, want an acceptable "ranchy" wardrobe. Western ranch pants, a checkered shirt and a wide studded leather belt is basic. Beyond that, an engaging smile and a familiar way of riding the bar stool will serve you in winning style. Buy a few rounds cowboy and after twelve o'clock there should be no check rein!

There are perils in perusing ads which deserve your caution: Be wary of places which put emphasis on family facilities. This is true even

when such a resort is known to cater to a younger set. There is a sense of propriety which comes over the young-wedded with family that acts as an inhibitor. The influence has a leavening effect on even the most brazen.

Generally, the free-wheeling crowd knows better than to congregate in such a place. Any excitement you'll find in such a family camp is purely accidental.

Past histories are not an all-conclusive guide to selecting a resort. Resorts rise quickly in popularity and then fall from favor with almost meteoric swiftness. Partly this can be attributed to the example of the jet set which commonly puts a place on the map for a season and then deserts it. The decline comes without warning. Fortunately, such drastic obsolescence occurs less suddenly among average resorts. However, it pays to be on guard for such an eventuality. Last year, a bachelor friend headed for one of the more touted resorts in the mountains. Complete with grip and a new red Triumph sports car he wheeled to the resort's driveway. Upon arrival, he did see people but hardly the crowd he'd expected. In fact, the amount of gaiety present was more fitting of a reception room of a funeral home. In disgust, he packed his luggage and scooted back to the city. Even with the oppressive heat of summer he found more doing in town than at the resort.

No one can guarantee your outcome at resorts. Year for year, there are some modifications in facilities. However, facilities can't make a resort in toto. The critical ingredient for high play is the presence of swingers. To get a line on a resort spend a little time to find out where a swinging crowd is going.

Of course, the most logical source of ready information is contact with a swinging crowd. Usually, such a gang will thresh the vacation question around and then make a decision. Once a place is decided upon they'll move dauntless as locusts. All you have to do is sign the registry with them.

If you've got no real starting point,

I can suggest you spend a few evenings in a pub known for a hip trade. Often a stranger will wax informatively when under the euphoria of the bar's best. Too, a discreet ear cocked to the dialogues from surrounding tables may furnish a clue to what's doin'. Since these topics are current and not a state secret, you're bound to get a lead. Less obscure in their activities are the beach resorts. Insofar as excitement goes, beaches are even more clearly stratified socially than mountain spots. Over a 15-mile stretch of beach you can find the gamut from an old ladies' sunning and sitting circle to crowds that don't turn in 'till long after the morning sun begins to light the clapboard shutters of the beach cottages. In some ways, beach resorts have advantages over mountain play areas. Introductions can be established more easily.

Unlike mountain resorts, the beach resort ad is more decipherable as to what you can expect. If you see a place advertising an imposing group of summer edifices, walled off, and maintaining cabana facilities; be leery of such an establishment. It is the comparable set up of the resort in the mountains with momma, poppa and the marriage trap. The prices run high while the fun is as slack as ebb tide. What you should seek is a resort that the gals can meet from their own earned resources. It is almost axiomatic that when anyone pays out of savings for a good time, they'll try hard to get it. For such earnest ladies it is too costly to be bored.

For the astute bachelor, the contacts made in the summer are the basis for a companionable harvest the winter long. Your success will be dependent upon your ability to scan an ad or ferret reliable sources of information.

Remember, too, dude ranches don't require of you anything in the line of equestrian excellence just as beach companionship isn't keyed to the swimming accomplishments of a Johnny Weissmuller. All you need is a simple wardrobe, a shrewd eye and a smile. Oh yes! Remember to take along your black book. ●



This year the number of
Americans traveling abroad
will set another record,
and among them will be
Linda Lambert—a grand
lass who can't wait till
September when her grand
tour of Europe starts.

See next page

DAY DREAM





Who can blame this fancy beauty who takes a fancy to the nice things in life?

Linda's reveries dwell on such places
as London, Paris and Rome—also the
lesser-known paradise of Madeira, where it
still will be warm enough to romp in the
sea. In just a short time, this dream girl
sails, making her own dream come true.



THE

PASTEL VENDING

The product they dispensed was highly satisfactory until wise-guy Brad Chumley got the idea that he was a lot smarter than they were!

MACHINE

BY HUGH BROUS

FICTION



AS BRAD CHUMLEY, field representative for Universal Manufacturing, followed the bell boy and his bags along the hall of the Hotel Vend to his room he reflected on the number of coin operated machines he had encountered during the day. There had been the flight insurance machine, the machines for cigarettes, candy, drinks, and even a hot dog dispenser. There had been a shoe shine machine at the airport when he arrived that evening, and the hotel corridor leading from the side cab entrance to the lobby was lined with vending machines, including one that would make change for anything up to a twenty dollar bill. The Hotel Vend seemed to have coin machines for everything, probably including martinis and girls somewhere.

This last reflection must have been aloud, because the bell boy turned to him and said, "Twelfth floor, sir?"

"Beg your pardon?" Brad said a little flustered.

"The girl vending machines are on the twelfth floor. Take the elevator."

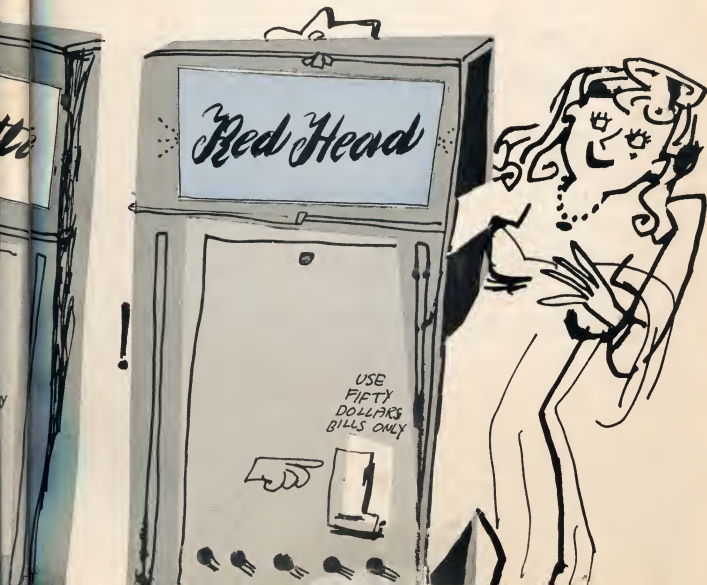
Brad grunted amusement at the remark and forgot about it until after the bell boy had pocketed his tip and left. Brad was standing in the middle of his room looking it over with just a touch of wonder. It was big enough and neat enough, but somehow it looked like m'lady's boudoir or maybe the working room of an elegant sporting palace. The pink rug was soft and fluffy, just made for bare feet, and the curtains were

pink and lacy. The bed was oversized and covered with a satin spread. The room was disturbingly different from any hotel room he had ever had before. But then he had never heard of the Hotel Vend before tonight. A cabbie at the airport had recommended it with insistence.

As he gazed at the large inviting bed he wondered just what the bell boy had meant about the twelfth floor. Did the machines vend only things that girls would want, or did they really vend girls. The only way to find out was to go see.

The twelfth floor hallway was crooked and dark. Only a few doors opened onto it, and Brad was about to give it up as a wild goose chase when he turned the corner and saw the machines. There were three of them in a row, large as phone booths, tinted warm pastel colors, and bathed in a soft blue light. As he approached them he detected the subtle scent of expensive perfume.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said as he stood before them. One of the machines was labeled "Blonde" the second was "Brunette," and the third was "Redhead." There was a selector dial on the front of each which could be set to statuesque, plump, medium, frail, or petite. There were other selector knobs with options that amazed him. And right in the middle of each machine was the tray-operated slot where the money was entered. Brad looked at the small sign and whistled. It said, "Use fifty dollar bills only." (Cont. on next page)



THE PASTEL VENDING MACHINES

"I wonder," Brad whispered and reached for his wallet. All he had was a couple of tens and a stack of singles. Then he remembered the traveler's checks in his coat pocket and quickly retraced his steps back through the twelfth floor corridor.

The hotel cashier didn't even look up when she gave him the two fifty dollar bills for his traveler's check.

Back at the twelfth floor machines again he felt nervous and a little foolish. Maybe the whole thing was some sort of hoax. If so, then the fifty would have to be lost on the swindle sheet somewhere. He had to try the machines at least once.

He glanced from one machine to another trying to make up his mind. Finally he set the selector on the Blonde machine for Statuesque. Carefully he placed the crisp bill on the little tray and slowly shoved it into the machine and waited.

At first nothing happened. Then a panel at the top of the machine lit up, and Brad read it. "Sorry, temporarily out. Please make another selection," and his money was returned.

Brad decided on a medium redhead for his second choice and put his money into the Redhead machine. There were a few clicking and whirring noises, and then silence. Then a hidden panel on the side of the pastel box slid open noiselessly, and a redhead, medium, stepped out.

"Hello," she said, "my name is Sherry."

"Uh, hello," Brad stammered. He just stared at the smiling lovely before him. Her hair was soft and wavy and fiery red. Her eyes were green and flashing, and she was dressed in the thinnest material Brad had ever seen.

"Is this for real?" he asked, getting his wits back. "Are you a real live redhead?"

"Why certainly," she laughed and opened the thin robe to show him all her beauty. She was all there and in just the right amounts.

"Come," she said taking him by the hand, "We have an hour."

She led him around another crook in the hallway, to a cozy self-service elevator and to his own room.

"Would you like a drink first?" she said sitting on his bed.

"Yeah," Brad said. "I could use one."

"What would you like?"

"A double shot of Scotch, at least," he said.

"That will take three quarters for the machine," she said slinking toward him.

Brad fumbled in his pocket for the change. "And get yourself something if you want to," he said handing her a stack of quarters.

"You're sweet," she said. "I believe I'll have a pink lady."

Before Brad realized she had gone she was back in the room with the two drinks. Brad poured the Scotch down his throat and felt it warm his insides on the way down. Sherry sat on the edge of the bed and sipped her pink lady, and with smiling eyes peered at him over the edge of the glass. She was real all right, and the Scotch soon warmed and steadied him enough to want to start making use of his hour.

"Would you like soft music?" Sherry asked.

"Sure, why not," Brad said and started taking off his shirt and tie.

"I need a fifty-cent piece then," she said gliding toward him with the gracefulness of a queen.

Brad gave her the coin and admired the smooth curves of her back as she bent over to place the hotel's coin operated stereo. Before the music began he was in the bed waiting for her. She turned down the lights and slid in beside him.

Brad felt soft hands caressing his back, and warm sensual lips found his. Soon he knew she had talent as well as beauty, and was lost in a sea of bliss.

Almost abruptly the hour was over. She waved him a quick kiss at the door and was gone. With a pleasurable weariness he sat on the edge of the bed and blankly stared at the closed door. This was just too good to be true. There was no monkeying around with a leering bell boy, or a prolonged shopping tour through the bars and cocktail lounges for second rate material at best. Sherry had been a true artist, a thing of class and beauty. Was he just lucky on his first try with the machines, or was the quality guaranteed in every package?

In a few minutes he was dressed and standing before the machines again. He made a second try for Blonde, Statuesque, and this time there was the same clicking and whirring noise as when the Redhead machine had paid off. Then the sliding door opened and out stepped a tall amazon with gleaming golden hair down to her perfect shoulders.

"Hello," she said, "my name is Ingrid."

"Wow!" was all Brad could think of to say. She smiled, took his hand, and led him to the cozy elevator and to his room again.

"Would you like a drink first?" she said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"I don't think so," Brad said, "but I might like a sandwich later."

"What would you like?" she asked. "The sandwich machines are on this floor."

Within seconds Ingrid returned with what Brad had figured would be an impossible request, a beer, salami, Swiss cheese, dill pickle, and hard boiled egg sandwich. He didn't bother to break the sealed wrapper but set the sandwich aside to eat after his hour with Ingrid.

Ingrid put the fifty-cent piece in the stereo and chose the music while Brad dropped a quarter into the room purifier slot. He had set the dial to Summer Day, and in a few minutes the room was permeated with the aroma of fresh cut hay.

Ingrid turned out to be as good or even better than Sherry, and the hour passed even faster. Before he knew it she was gone, and he was sitting in his room alone again. He munched on the sandwich, then showered and dressed and rode down to the lobby. Might as well step out and get a little of the night air and see a little more of the town than just a hotel room, although the room has been rather interesting so far.

It was not late yet, but the lobby was almost deserted as he strolled out the front door. The neighborhood was dark and lonely-looking and didn't appear particularly interesting. He wandered aimlessly around the block once, glancing in the shop windows, and found himself back at the hotel cashier's window cashing another hundred in traveler's checks.

This time he tried brunette, petite, and her name was Yvette, and she had a few techniques that he had never heard of, much less experienced. When she was gone he considered making another trip to the twelfth floor, but a weariness in his back and legs persuaded him to call it a night and get some sleep. He dropped another fifty cents into the stereo and set the timer to wake him early in the morning.

He was awakened on time by the sweet sounds of a hundred violins serenading him softly with a romantic ballad. He turned the volume down and reluctantly crawled out to shave and dress.

"Now for breakfast," he said to himself in the mirror as he patted on the shaving lotion. There are probably breakfast machines around this place somewhere. And no need to eat alone, he mused, heading for the elevator and the twelfth floor.

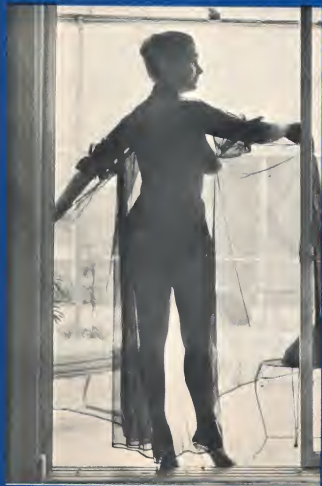
He selected a Redhead, medium, again, and they picked up coffee, orange juice, and Danish pastries from the vending machines along the way to his room. The redhead's name was Ruby, and she had a scattering of freckles on her arms and legs, and fire in her blood. Before the end of the hour Brad had pleasurably worked up a strong breakfast appetite.

During one of the morning's business conferences Brad had his first qualms concerning his expense account. On his first night in town he

(Cont. on p. 66)

Her name is Carla Vann. She was born in Australia,
and at 22 her profession has taken her all over the
world. She has the figure of a model, the talent of
an actress, but does neither. Can you guess . . .

What's Her Line?



See next page

This talented lass from the land down under began swimming because it was her favorite of outdoor sports.



Carla gave up a promising Olympic swimming career to become a professional performer with her own aquatic ballet troupe. "She looks better than a mermaid," enthused a critic. One obvious reason, we might add, is she's all woman.

Carla doesn't mind the fact her professional life is a goldfish bowl, but she doesn't plan to be a career girl for long. Since she's seen Paree, her ambition is to get married and settle down on a farm. Yet, we bet the best way to keep her on the farm will be to build a swimming pool on it.





(Editor's Note: The author who has had his ups and downs—like many others on the Great White Way—recently produced a big success Off-Broadway, A Tenth of an Inch Makes a Difference.)

DO YOU KNOW Jack Lemmon's home phone number? I do, but he's not available for a Broadway play till 1967. I'm a Broadway Producer and that's the way it is these days in our business. I'm getting married in April, and my girl doesn't think she can live on love for three and a half years.

Right away I'm faced with which comes first, the chicken or the egg. I think I might say I chose the chicken for I decided to call a director I felt might be pretty good for this one. I told him it was a funny comedy—right for Jack Lemmon. "Jack Lemmon is no longer a Box Office star. He just thinks he is," my potential director informs me. "He's not available till 1967," I snapped back. I heard him muttering to himself for a moment and up he came with the prize reply. "I find I'm not available in 1967," he said. "I'll be out of the country." Oh, well, maybe he wouldn't have been so good for a comedy after all.

I sit in the office and run down the list of Box Office name directors. I call the Big Agents who represent the Big Directors and finally the Little Producer has sent out some twenty five scripts to the potential Geniuses. *(Cont. on next page)*



THE HEADACHES OF A BROADWAY PRODUCER

BY RICHARD S. BACHARACH

After a look at the frantic
antics that go on behind the
scenes, it's a wonder how
a hit play can ever be put
before today's theatre goers.



The Headaches of a Broadway Producer

Three days later I walk into Sardi's and see Five of my scripts have come to lunch on the same day. The boys don't like that. The next day I get them all back with a "Sorry, our client isn't interested" note. I am chomping at the bit. I want to call some stars but I know better. I have to wait for a director to say he'll do it. I think of the beautiful job I saw last summer in a try-out at Bucks County. Great little director! Can't think of his name. Nobody would know him. I have to have a name director. Why? Because I'm not David Merrick, and I have to have something to sell in order to get the show financed. A Big, Glittering Package! That's what the Public wants. That's what I read in the Sunday New York Times, which is the real bible of show folks.

Now everybody tells me I have to go to Hollywood. Out there they say the thing they want most is to be offered a Broadway show. So I sneaked off quieter than Donovan to Cuba and arrived in the City of Glitter. For ten days and nights I went from cocktail party to swimming pool to dinner and to Night Clubs with all the right people, my script tucked underneath my arm, but never a chance to mention what I was doing there. They told each other that I popped out from good old Broadway, they talked frantically about how busy, busy, busy everybody was, but we didn't talk about me. And then one day, the day before I was to leave, I found myself alone in a living room with the star I wanted most. "Here," I said quickly before we got launched on Mirisch and Goldwyn, "I have a pretty funny play here if you'd like to read it." He pushed it to one side of the table and picked up his drink. "Thanks," he said. "It must be great to work in a hit on Broadway." And he changed the subject. Somehow I felt as if I'd got a long, long way with this man. After the Great Gobi Desert of the last ten days, I was so carried away that I called home and said that I had him. And then I came back to New York.

There it was in the New York Times. My star's agent gave me a ring that morning. "I hear you've been in Hollywood." And then he waited as I coughed. "I hear you're thinking of hiring one of our clients," he added. I acknowledged the morning Times. "Well," he said, "If you've got a good property I think we ought to do better than that for you. After all, he's no Box Office any more since those last two pictures." "Aren't you his agent?" I asked. "Oh, we represent a lot of stars," he chortled and off we went. Two weeks later I had two of their clients wanting the role, but still no director.

Now I thought of the summer theater fellow who had directed the tryout. If one of these stars would take him I was in business. I asked him to come in and pick up a script. I started to pick up my financing. I was finally putting money in the Bank. That's the Great Day — when you open up the Bank Account. And now these people want to know which one of these stars it's going to be. I call their agent. I am going to make a final decision. "Listen, old man," he says to me, "I've just read this script of yours. These fellows of ours aren't really available, you know." Hurriedly I make a date to take him to lunch at Sardi's. I can't let this happen now. Panic sets in. I run to Battle!

Mr. Agent arrives with one of his writers and a fairly new director who has come into semi-prominence within the last year. Introductions all around. Affably he launches forth with his scheme. I know that's what it is but what can I do? This man holds all my cards. I have to let him play my hand while I look over his shoulder and kibitz. "Here's the deal," he tells me. "Jimmie, here, has a great new twist for the end of the first act. That puts a different light on the whole play. We need a woman star now instead of a man. I've got the very girl. She's just made a great come-back in the movie opened last week at the Music Hall and I'm giving her to you while she's red hot." "What do you

call giving her to me?" I asked, warily. "Well, a five thousand dollar guarantee against fifteen percent of the gross, a five percent share off your side, sole star billing, a six months guarantee, a Broadway opening date of — say, on or before March first and final approval of script." "Doesn't she want approval of the director, too?" I asked in a tone that was meant to sound sarcastic but that came out awfully thin and far away. "Now, that's all settled. This young man right here is her one and only choice and we can settle with him over our drink right now." He ordered a couple more to seal the bargain. Now came Round Two.

"Now, he'll need cast approval — she doesn't want all that round-off coming to those grim auditions — we'll give him a five thousand dollar fee, ten percent of the gross, approval of the cast, and for billing — ah — we can say a Joe Dokes Production. That'll go over great with the Public." "We will say that I am producing this play, won't we? I think my backers may expect that." He threw back his head and laughed loud enough to move George M. Cohan over to Sixth Avenue. "What a sense of humor," he gasped through his guffaws. "This fellow will go a long ways in this town," he informed his two cohorts. And then we got to Round Three — his writer.

"Now this fellow here is putting ten thousand dollars into your show and will do you a complete rewrite. He will get co-author credit and half the royalties. He's new to the business so that's all he wants. Next year, when we are all the Toast of Little Old New York, you won't be able to touch him. But everybody has to get his start some way and this time we won't be greedy." "Everybody has to get his start some way," I thought to myself. And that included me. "Yes," I replied in an even more far away voice than before. I was beginning to think I was living in a dream. I think I agreed to all of this. I went back to the office. There sat (Cont. on p. 68)



"See you next payday, Moon Flower."

April Showers



It used to be that Americans took a bath just once a week—on Saturday night. Those were the days when out-houses dotted the country side and were jokingly called “Chic Sales,” causing many a guffaw. Then, following the end of World War II, things began to change. The bathtub found itself replaced in popularity by the shower stall; and as Americans became more conscious of time, the “pause that refreshes” became something one got under rather than something to drink. Finally, as the result of heavy soap promotion, Americans have adopted a new tradition of taking two showers a day—exemplified by sudsing eyeful, April Adams.

Ever since American lasses—like April Adams—have taken up the habit of the two-a-day shower, soap manufacturers have been bubbling with ecstatic joy. Can you blame them?



THE BEWITCHING SEA BREEZE

(Continued from page 8)

nothing on board could be used as a paddle. Nor was there anything that could be waved, or that would burn or make a flare or a spark. The boat was stripped save for four cushion-life preservers. Derek arranged these on the floor—fortunately dry—so that they could huddle below the gunwhale out of the wind.

"We'll have to wait," he told Julie. "That's all we can do—just wait."

It was barely light enough now for him to see the alarm in her eyes. "All night?"

He looked away. "Maybe, if we're not picked up in the next few minutes. They'll never see us in the dark." He reached forward impulsively and squeezed her arm gently. "Don't worry, Julie, it's going to be all right. We can't capsize—and even if we did, we have the life preservers; the water is warm and—well, they're sure to find us by morning. We just can't drift that far from shore." The conviction in his voice—because what he said was true—reassured her. She smiled lightly and settled comfortably on the cushions.

Then they began to talk. At first, their words were prompted by fear and doubt. They spoke swiftly, sometimes treading on one another's sentences yet not bothering to repeat; because what they said was not as important as the need to say it. Still, they managed to learn much about each other—much more than either had ever told anyone else about himself.

Who was Derek? The real picture came across—in warm, rich colors instead of the garish, false palette he presented to others. Yes, he was tall and strong and handsome and a Big Man, looked up to by the other boys and worshipped by the girls. But he was not—as Julie discovered—nearly as brave or resourceful as they all thought. He was actually shy and a little frightened, and people made him nervous and girls scared him half to death, and sometimes he wondered if he really did have the guts to go on to college, where the competition would be stiffer and more would be expected of him. He told her all of these things willingly, and the more he talked the better he felt. He felt as he had, that day when, on a dare, he had carried a hundred-pound sack of cement on his back all the way around his block and, at the end, dropped the sack onto the ground. He had felt so light he thought he would soar right into the sky.

And who was Julie? She was less complex, but more honest. He knew it at once, and did not resent it. Talking to her, listening to her, made him feel stronger. She was going to

be, she said, a fine writer, some day—and they both knew that it was true. No, she was not afraid of boys, but she did not trust them. Within her limited experience, she had found that the decent boys (the ones her mother would let her date) were crashing bores; the interesting ones—the ones who excited her—invariably tried to go farther than mere petting. She could not understand this; anyway, she felt that it wasn't quite right.

And they learned much more than this. For, as the night passed, the air grew colder. Instinctively, they drew close to one another, and although they did not touch, their very closeness seemed to warm them a little, so that their breath came faster. And still they talked.

"I was lucky," Julie said, "that you happened to be on that stretch of the beach when I drifted by. What were you doing there, so far from the others?"

"Looking for shells," he said. "I don't get down to the shore very much—I guess none of us do—but I've managed to make up a collection of shells. I wanted to pick up some, myself, instead of getting them second hand. They might not be as nice, but, well, they would have been more valuable, I think. Anyway, the kids can get to be a drag, sometimes. I like to get off by myself, like I said."

She nodded vigorously. "Me, too. That's why I rented the boat. I just wanted to get away. Some of the other girls wanted to come along, but I said no." She giggled. "Wait till they hear about this—they'll think we planned it." She wiggled her shoulders deliciously, as though the thought of her friends' gossip was too wonderful for mere words. The action caused her hair to brush against his cheek (by now their bodies were almost touching).

Derek stiffened and gave a little gasp. He said tightly, "It's getting chilly. In the far north, people have saved their lives in the snow by huddling close together. Their own body heat keeps them warm."

She shivered. "Um—I've read about it. I guess that's what we'd better do. We'd better save one another's life."

They moved together abruptly, and the contact was more disturbing than they had expected. Almost frantically, they drew one another closer, and their bodies were like two blind things in the dark, searching mindlessly, each to identify the other. On the half pretext of stimulating circulation, he massaged the bare flesh of her legs and back. When his hand slipped beneath her modest bathing suit she did not protest, for

she knew he would do this and she knew she wanted him to.

"Derek," she whispered, as he kissed her forehead, "I think maybe something strange has happened to-night, something that might have taken months or even years to happen if we hadn't met this way. Or maybe it could never have happened at all, because of the kind of people we are." Her voice fell to a whisper as, breathless, he waited for her to continue. "I think," she said, "I love you."

Something deep inside him went plop! and a vast white light came on for an instant. He thought, briefly, that maybe she had said this for the same reason he had been thinking it for some time, now; being braver than he, she would say it, of course. Maybe she had said it because, in order to do what they both wanted to do, she had to love him. Or think that she did. Or tell herself—and him—that she did.

He really didn't think so. He looked down at her and in her dark eyes, barely seen in the starlight, there was only truth. And within himself, he knew that the feeling he had for her, if not altogether love, was just as good, and that, if he were to take her, it might turn to love.

So he peeled off her bathing suit, clumsily but gently, and removed his own. He felt her body with his hands and with his body and the love-feeling grew stronger. He'd had other girls before—not many, to be sure—but some of the prettiest and most sought-after in town, and never had it been like this.

Then there came another muffled explosion within him, and a brighter light than ever before. Julie gasped sharply, nearly screaming. This frightened him until, in the same instant, he realized that ecstasy and pain are almost one and elicit the same expressions.

Soon there was only the sound of their breathing and the light slapping of the water against the sides of the boat. Derek and Julie stared at one another in awe. Suddenly, he burst out laughing, and when she looked stricken, he said, "My God, I was just about to ask if we could go steady!"

Their young laughter bounced along the tops of the waves. "I want to go steady with you until we die," she said.

He kissed the tips of her breasts, for he was no longer shy. "We will," he told her. "I know I love you and I know nothing will ever stop me from loving you—nothing. Not ever."

It was as he had expected it might be; the feeling—the great, grand, feeling that was made up of so many feelings, like affection, and trust, and need—that was love, and it was the way he felt toward Julie. And he knew that this was for real, and

for good and always. And, even more important, he knew that it was that way with her, too.

At last, secure in their love, and secure in one another's arms, they lay breast to breast and thigh to thigh upon the life preservers in the bottom of the boat. They fell asleep.

The nightmare began at once, for there was no passage time while they slept. One minute there was *warmth and darkness and love*—and the next minute there was the harsh blue sky, and clattering noises and harsh shouts. And people. The people stared down at them where they lay, clasped in one another's arms, in the bottom of the boat.

For a second or two, Derek thought it really was a nightmare, and so he did not move. For it could not be true—it was too horrible to be true! And yet, once fully awake, he knew that it was, indeed, true. A large party boat lay hove to beside them. An amused sailor held the two craft together with a boat hook. And lining the rail of the party boat, no more than four feet above them, were what seemed like hundreds of people. There were, as it happened, nearly fifty of them.

They stood and looked down upon Derek and Julie, who had neglected to put their wet bathing suits back on and lay clasped tightly together. The people, according to their individual makeup and whatever it

was that made them good or bad, either smirked, or grinned, or blushed, or laughed aloud.

With a terrible cry that Derek was to hear for much of his life afterward, Julie sprang away from him. She stared up at the sunburned, laughing faces above her as though she did not believe they were really there. Most of them were strangers, which was bad enough—but among them were *familiar faces*. Several teachers and some of their classmates.

Watched by the many faces, they put their bathing suits on. Then hands reached down and helped them aboard the bigger boat. Wordlessly, they followed a Man in Authority into the cabin. They would be all right, now, the man said. He hoped they were none the worse for their experience. He was very nice about it. They were all nice; so warm and smiling. Yet, like the rest, his smile was not a real smile.

It was dirty.

From the beginning of the nightmare, neither Julie nor Derek had spoken. Nor did they speak now, as they sat wrapped in blankets and sipping hot coffee. They sat side by side, stiff and straight, their eyes staring straight ahead. Not once did they look at one another.

Derek knew that they would never look at one another again.

God, how he hated her!

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THE MAN WHO OUTDID ERROL FLYNN

(Continued from page 18)

stars and especially English ones. When I reached the lobby, though, Kent was still there. He was standing in a corner sizing up the assorted females and was just about to make his move.

Just as I was trying to see how to throw a block into him, Kent stopped of his own accord. His eyes left the curvy little blonde he was about to lead astray and focussed on what looked like an ad for a Victorian horror tale. It was Betty Clump, all dressed up in her flat shoes, her manish suit and her bangs.

Kent fell back as if somebody had hit him and recognized me. "What in hell is that?" he asked. Of course, he wasn't embarrassed. I couldn't conceive of Kent ever being embarrassed.

I told him about Betty.

"Let's go upstairs," he said, shakily. "A poor Englishman isn't safe in this town."

"That's why you ought to stick with me," I said.

"That was sneaky of me running out like that. I promise I won't do it again."

I thanked him, but by then I had a pretty good idea of what his promises meant.

I looked at my watch. We had to have dinner, then at eleven thirty that night he was due at a TV studio to be interviewed. If we could have supper in the suite and stay there until it was time to go down, I'd feel safer about everything.

But Kent was having none of it. I felt like slugging him and tying him up, but since that was out followed him down to the hotel dining room.

In the lobby, three females approached. I managed to push Kent by sheer force to our table. Then, as I was starting to relax, I noticed that one of the girls had caught Kent's eye and he was signalling her to meet him later.

I excused myself and had a little talk with the fair lady. When we were through, she was richer by some five hundred dollars and Kent was without a companion.

When we were through eating, I tipped the waiter and turned around to gather in my charge. But while I was looking away, he faded.

I dashed outside to find him with his arms about a gorgeous looking brunette whom he cheerfully introduced as Claudia Patrick. Not ten feet away was my nemesis, the terrible Miss Clump, who was glee-

fully taking many notes on the matter.

I got a bellboy to call Claudia to the phone. I met her by the booths and offered her the same deal I had given the last eager lady. This was starting to run into dough, but I figured Overworld could afford it.

What I didn't figure was that the girl wasn't taking. "I wouldn't miss the chance of spending an evening with Kent Fahrwell for a thousand dollars!" she said, indignantly.

"How about fifteen hundred?"

"What kind of a girl do you think I am?"

I didn't tell her. Instead, I said that I supposed she was a woman in love.

She softened and smiled and I clipped her accurately on the point of her pretty chin.

I caught her as she started to fall and carried her outside. I called over a cabbie and slipped him a pair of twenties. "The lady had a little too much to drink," I said, winking at him. "You'd better take her home." I gave him an address in Brooklyn which was a good hour away.

"Sure, Mac," the driver said. "I'll be just like a brother to her."

When I got back to my favorite actor, he was searching for Claudia. "Oh, I just ran into her," I said. "Her mother just came down with a case of acute indigestion and she had to run home." (Cont.)

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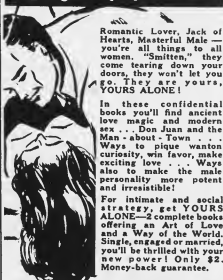
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He looked like he was about to object, but I reminded him that he had to change for his interview show. As we stepped into the elevator, I stole a look at Miss Clump. She looked disappointed.

At the show, itself, I thought we would be safe. I mean, what can any man do in front of forty million Americans? What I didn't count on, however, was that the make-up girl was pretty, the assistant producer was a knockout and that there were two starlets to be interviewed on the same panel.

By the time we left, Kent had invited all four of them to his suite!

When we returned to the hotel, the girls scampered into the living-room. But I was able to catch Kent while we were still in the hall. "It's time you and I had a little talk," I said.

"You know something old boy, you're getting to be a bother," he said pulling away from the grip I had on his sleeve.

"Listen, Kent, I'm not allowed to slug you, but..."

"You're not!" he said, delightedly. Without any warning, he threw a left to my stomach and, as I doubled over, caught me with a right to the jaw that set me down on the carpet.

Kent smiled down at me. "I wish you had told me that before," old boy. "I was rather under the impression that you might hit back."

He walked in the room, leaving the door open for me.

I lay there for a few minutes and then someone was helping me to my feet. It was Betty Clump. The next thing I knew I was sitting next to her on the livingroom couch while laughter and giggles came through the closed door of Kent's bedroom.

"Are you feeling better now?" Miss Clump asked. "I saw the whole thing. It was disgusting. Him hitting you like that when you were trying to protect him from those evil women."

"Oh? Yes?"

"But what can you expect from some one who behaves like that!" She pointed to the closed door.

"You've looked?"

"Through the keyhole. Not that I wanted to, you understand. It was my duty to the league."

I was feeling too rotten to say a word. I simply stared at the woman who had just cost me more money than I had ever dreamed of having.

Up close, she wasn't such a bad looking chick. If only she'd wear makeup... And get rid of those stupid bangs... And wear something beside man cut suits...

"Wait till the League gets through with Mr. Fahrnwel. He won't be so big then! You know, I'm a woman, too. But I have to sacrifice my own desires to the League. It's my duty..."

Damned attractive, I was thinking,

said: "To hell with the League, Miss Clump."

"Mr. Kingsford!"

"And to hell with Kent, too. There are other things."

"I don't know what you're talking..."

But she had stopped, mainly because I was covering her mouth with mine. At first she pulled away, then she quit pulling away, then she began pulling closer. "Like that," I said.

She gazed at me with clear eyes. "Is there more?"

"Come into the smaller bedroom

with me and I will show you, Miss Clump."

"Please don't call me Miss Clump any more," she said, rising.

I closed the door behind us in the bedroom and started to undo her things. Close up, she was a rather remarkable woman.

That saved my loot, of course. Betty was too caught up in our love life to turn in a nasty report on Kent.

The only trouble is that I'm no longer in the private eye business. Betty doesn't like it. She claims a man can meet too many unscrupulous females that way!

A PASSION FANCY

(Continued from page 33)

Gravadi sighed. "Let us examine the soprano. All right?"

"Fine."

"All sopranos are fierce," he began, "but the dramatic soprano—she who sings Wagner—is the steadiest. She has no nerves, is not flighty. If she is in love with you today, she will remain in love with you three years from now. She does not give up or become discouraged." He lowered his voice and shrugged his shoulders. "She is also apt to be too large for the average taste, but that is another story."

"Now, a mezzo soprano," he went on, "is often wild, but never crazy. There is a method in her wildness. My own Geraldine is a mezzo, so I know what I am talking about."

He waited a few moments to let his words sink in, then continued. "We have now arrived at the lyric soprano. She is a woman searching for passion. The search may become frenzied—but this does not mean it is crazy, if you understand the distinction."

"But a coloratura's a nut?"

"Exactly. It must be something to do with those trills and runs she sings. All those pyrotechnics above high C. They affect her like an oboe affects an oboe player. At any rate, she's as mad as a hatter."

"I see. And that lovely, available girl..."

"Is a coloratura. But a charming one—calls herself Zelda Istarte. A glorious girl." He smiled encouragingly. "My dear boy, it will be an experience. You will write about it in your memoirs."

I wasn't planning any memoirs, but I didn't see the point in telling Gravadi that. As a matter of fact, I was put off my stride by his "dear boy" me. I was still only eight months younger than he, even if he had had the advantage of seeing the world as an operatic tenor, while I was stuck in college getting a degree in business administration.

"You're really doing me a favor," he said. "And I'm sure you and Zelda will hit it off." He handed me

a ticket for that night's production of *Traviata*, clapped me on the back and led me out of the room almost before I knew that I was leaving.

It seemed as if I'd agreed.

From what I could see from the orchestra, that night, Zelda was indeed a delight to behold. And though the usual effect of classical music is to send me into a sound sleep, there was no doubt that she knew her business.

The girl's voice went up and up and further up, trilling and warbling like a canary with a hot foot. Judging from the applause, Gravadi was doing himself proud in the tenor role; but I was concentrating on Zelda.

Through some very rapid talking, I managed to get the next day off, and showed up in the lobby of the hotel on schedule. The girls were there with Gravadi and Peter Gregory who had come to see them off.

Gregory turned out to be a giant of a man who told me in a mild but definite voice to take extra good care of his girl, a slim brunette named Gloria Wharton who, he confided, was a lyric soprano. Gravadi introduced me to Geraldine and then brought up Zelda.

All three of the girls were attractive, but Zelda was sensational. Close up, she looked even better than she had on the stage where a dark wig had covered her red hair. Today, she dressed in a tight sweater and a pair of stretch pants that left almost nothing to the imagination. She wasn't a big girl, but what she had was sculptured in a series of graceful curves. She stood out in front like a pennant in a high wind, and her eyes held all sorts of half hidden promises.

"You are for me, darling?" she asked in a slight, but alluring accent. "For all day?"

"I hope so," I said, stupidly.

I turned to say goodbye to Gravadi and used the opportunity to take him aside and ask about the accent.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I think it's South of France." (Cont.)

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"Does she come from there?"
"No. Denver, Colorado. But she likes to change her accent twice a year. Says it's more interesting that way."

"Oh," I said.

The girls were standing by the hotel entrance and I walked them outside to where I parked the car. I placed Geraldine and Gloria discreetly in the back seat and sat Zelda next to me.

"Where would you all like to go?" I asked.

"Some place romantic," Zelda said before the other two could answer. "I love nature when it is romantic." I started the car and headed it out of the city. A soft song started to rise sweetly from the back seat.

"Darling, don't sing that," said Zelda to Geraldine whose voice it was. "You know you never mastered that properly and my ears are so sensitive..."

"The maestro seemed to like it," Geraldine sniffed.

"I think she sings it very well," Gloria put in.

"Not well, dear. Not well. Promisingly, perhaps, but not well. Geraldine's voice does have potential, but she really must work on it before she tries the more difficult roles."

"I think I've had just about enough," Geraldine began.

"Ladies, ladies," I said.

"You're right," Zelda subsided, curling up and cuddling closer to me like a satisfied kitten. "My trouble is that I just have to speak the truth, even when it hurts one of my best friends."

After that, there was silence in the car. I thought it best not to break it by asking Zelda how she talked to girls who weren't her friends.

We were about an hour out of town, and the countryside was becoming very lovely, indeed. I was going to take the girls up to the hills where they could see some lakes and streams that should be romantic enough even for Zelda. But by now I was beginning to get hungry and suggested that we stop for a bite to eat.

"Where?" Gloria asked.

"There's a nice little hamburger place up the road..."

Geraldine cut me off. "Hamburgers? How disgusting!"

"But, why...?" I asked.

"Because hamburgers come from steers," Zelda said slowly, as though talking to a slow-witted child.

"What has that got to do with...?"

"There is no passion in a steer, yes? And a singer without passion is a nothing! Now if there was a place that sold goatburgers, that would be different. But I don't suppose you know of one?"

"No," I said, weakly. "No goatburgers."

"I didn't suppose so," Zelda sighed.

"Goat meat tastes a trifle strong. But, oh, the passion!"

I digested this thought for a few moments—or at least tried to. The whole subject left my stomach quivering.

"Where does that road lead to?" Zelda asked suddenly, pointing to a gravel road that forked off from the highway.

"No place.... I mean I don't know." "Well, take it," she ordered. "It looks romantic."

I put my foot on the brake and swung off just in time. In the rear-view mirror I could see nothing but a cloud of gravel and dust, while ahead of us the road wound through wooded hills.

A stream played by the side of the road, now, and finally widened into a clear pool.

"We'll stop here," Zelda said, and the others agreed.

"What'll we eat," I asked, unromantically.

"We brought food," Zelda said. "Didn't we, girls?"

They each took packages of wax paper from their hand bags and opened them up to reveal the messiest looking green stuff I've ever seen.

"What on Earth is that?"

"Kale. The best thing in the world for you, darling. Makes one strong and healthy.... Passionate!"

I forced myself to swallow some. It seemed to me that I was feeling "passionate" despite the kale rather than because of it.

As soon as I decently could, I took Zelda's hand and led her away from the other two. We wandered through some beech trees to a patch where wild flowers grew. A bird trilled in the distance.

Then, just as I was about to make my pitch, Zelda trilled back.

As I said before, Zelda has a lovely voice. And it sounded thrilling as all get-out in the natural setting. But at the moment I wasn't interested in voices, or in natural settings either. In fact, what I was interested in could be done just as well if not better indoors.

"To hell with it," I said, grabbing my favorite coloratura and kissing her. There was a stark and sudden silence. Later she told me that I had cut her off in mid-E over high C.

"Well," she said, recovering her breath. "You are passionate, after all. I was beginning to worry about..."

"I'm passionate as hell," I said, grabbing her again.

"But this is wonderful!" she said about ten minutes later. "I've found you! We must go for a swim to celebrate."

"But, the others..."

"They will come, too! They will be happy for us."

"But... But..." She was running too far ahead of me to catch. She

was breathlessly announcing her plan to the other girls before I got there with the reminder that none of us brought bathing suits.

"That's true," Geraldine said, combining with Gloria to try and put a damper on the idea.

But they should have known Zelda better. "Bah," she said, scornfully.

"Why do I need a suit. I am not ashamed. My body is young and firm and beautiful! I will show it to the sun!" She smiled, gently. "Of course, if you two aren't proud..."

"What do you mean, proud?" Gloria said, angrily. "My body is just as young and firm and beautiful as yours!"

"Mine, too," Geraldine said.

Before I could stop them, the three girls were undressed and running down towards the water with various portions of their anatomies bouncing and swaying prettily.

"Come on in," they called to me.

I shook my head. Swimming in the raw with one girl can be a joy and a delight. But three are too much of a good thing.

I watched them play water games for about fifteen minutes. Then they made for shore and me.

I suppose everything would have been fine if Geraldine didn't happen to sit down on that rock. It was a sharp and pointed rock, and caused Geraldine to rise straight up in the air. In addition, she gave out with a loud, loud screech.

Zelda cocked a critical ear at her.

"That note broke, dear," she said.

"Ladies!" I began.

COUNTRESS WHO MURDERED 100 LOVERS

(Continued from page 36)

But it wasn't alcohol that coursed through the lady's veins that night as she stared up at her uncle, baring her cuspid. It was the gory elixir itself, vintage hemoglobin.

"Then," in the words of Zoltan Tisza, her biographer, "did the Countess Bathory rise to her full height, naked as the day she was born, and mightily bathed in gore."

"Uncle," Liz managed, extending a limp and scarlet hand, "this is a surprise."

"Prithee cover thyself, madam," the governor rejoined somewhat churlishly. Then he gestured to a couple of his men and ordered them to escort the countess to her bed-chamber.

"These two," he pointed to Johannes Ujvary and Ilona Joo, "will come with us." And the two servants "commenced to groan as if they already felt the flames devouring their flesh..."

Liz herself escaped burning at the stake. After a trial that lasted over two months at Bitsee, the judge, Moricz de Szulo, ordered that she

"Girls!" said Gloria, trying to throw herself between the two colliding bodies.

It was at this point that the shotgun blast rang out.

All three shrieked—in harmony.

I turned to see a very large and very nasty looking farmer who was getting ready to set off the other barrel of his shotgun. "What are you doing on my property?"

"Taking a swim," Zelda replied, rather reasonably, I thought.

But those words and even her smile only served to set him off, again. "It's an orgy!" he bellowed. "An orgy! And on my property! I'll show you city..."

I for one did not see the sense of staying around. "To the car!" I yelled, slapping at least one and maybe two bare rumps.

They took off. But Zelda halted in mid-flight. "I want to reason with him," she wailed.

The gun went off once more, several pellets buried themselves in some sensitive parts of Zelda's flesh. She gave a musical screech and resumed her run.

I grabbed the clothes and came after. Thirty seconds later I had the car in motion.

The girls changed on the way back to town, so that I was able to deposit Gloria and Geraldine with their respective men in fairly good condition.

As for Zelda, I kept her with me. I wanted to learn just how crazy a coloratura would act when I began searching for shotgun pellets. ●

be immured in a convent for the rest of her natural life.

If the countess were on trial today the most important witness on her behalf would be a psychiatrist. He would explain that the accused was afflicted with a pathological disorder known as lycanthropy — an uncontrollable desire for human blood. The well known psychiatrist Dr. Robert Eidler wrote an extensive medical text book on the disease in which he states that Countess Bathory was one of the few authentic vampires known to medical science.

Poor Liz was to endure her dreary confinement many years before death released her. Deprived of blood, her abnormal system and demented mind turned her into a raving maniac. The day before she died she was heard screaming, "Johannes, Ilona, I must have blood."

But since human ashes cannot speak, Liz received no answer. Possibly the spirits of her scores of innocent victims whispered gleefully, "Sorry, countess. Your transfusion days are over." ●

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VENDING MACHINES

(Continued from page 50)

had knocked a great hole in his cash advance. Moving out of his hotel to cut expenses was out of the question. The place had certain conveniences that would be difficult to duplicate. Besides there was always a way to cover special expenses if you worked at it long enough. And there might even be a way of beating the machines.

Then he remembered passing a novelty shop on his stroll around the block the night before. At noon he passed up a luncheon offer and took a cab to the shop. The dusty old proprietor finally understood what he wanted, and after scratching around in the back returned to the counter with several old shoe boxes of miscellaneous stage money. Brad searched the entire stock and carefully selected a handful of make-believe fifty dollar bills.

By six o'clock Brad had freed himself of his business appointments and was standing with tantalizing anticipation before the machines on the twelfth floor of his hotel. With a little luck, he figured, he could wind up his business in one more day, and then he would have the rest of the week, and even the weekend, to himself and whoever came out of the sliding doors. And if the phoney money worked he might even try playing two of the machines at the same time, or maybe all three. That should make for an interesting hour.

Brad took the wad of stage money from his pocket and very carefully selected a crisp, neat-looking phoney fifty. This time he thought he would try a Brunette, plump. The fake fifty slid into the machine with no squeak nor sweat. There was the usual clicking and whirring noise, and the trick door slid open, and out stepped the plump brunette. The brunette was about five feet eight inches, one hundred and eighty pounds, wearing a blue suit and a badge.

"What the . . ." Brad stammered, astounded as the officer snapped the handcuffs to his wrists.

"Come along," the man said, "you are under arrest for passing counterfeit currency."

"But where did you come from?"

"When you put that bum bill into the machine you ordered a police officer. You can get anything from vending machines in this building."

"But wait," Brad protested as the officer started pulling him toward the elevator. "You can't do this to me. I'll get a lawyer and . . ."

"Lawyer machines are on the third floor," the officer said, and nudged him along the hall.

Brad wasn't sure, but he thought he heard a soft chorus of giggles from the pastel vending machines.

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KINGS OF BACHELORDOM

(Continued from page 6)

He married, but remained a bachelor in thought and deed. He continued to romance women of the aristocracy. One of these was Laura, whom, he recalled, "had a capacity which matched my own. At theatre, again and again in the darkness at the back of the box, she would give herself to me with a terrible quick and nervous passion." When his wife objected to Laura and other similarly torrid affairs, he silenced her with brusque arguments to the effect she was interfering with the laws of nature."

After obtaining a divorce, he eloped with a lovely colleen half his age. Using funds obtained from blackmail of outraged Englishwomen, the pair set off for the continent and a grand tour. He loved and stayed with this second wife to the end, but if anything, seemed to increase his extra-marital activities.

In Paris, for instance, he engaged in secret little trysts with the budding daughter of a brunette mistress.

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 12)

\$100,000 contract ("I just couldn't imagine the audience accepting me after seeing a show filled with nude girls."). Jayne Mansfield, younger but possibly wiser, doesn't mind nudity at all, appears at Tropicana Hotel same season in a gown so shocking, even the imported nudes ran for cover. One reporter compares it to a barbed wire fence ("It protected her property but didn't obstruct any views."). Quipped Jayne: "I designed it myself, of sheer nylon and about two spangles. I would have appeared totally nude, but that would have been competing with the others unfairly. Those foreign girls are not as healthy as I. They have been through a war and all that hardship."

SNOB HILL: Cleveland Amory, previously allied through his books — *Proper Bostonians*, *Celebrity Register* — with the bluebloods, in 1963 extends himself to join blue laws crowds as well. After an astute observation ("The public's eventually becoming sex-surfeited is a vain hope, since there has been a steady lowering of morality in every field."), he comes on strong for book censorship. Reviewing a new paperback, *The Orgy Boy*, he finds passages like this disgusting:

Every campus has them — the cleancut young studs with the bureau drawers filled with souvenir panties; the frightened lush coeds who long to lose their sin-hungers but are afraid to go halfway to

In his last years, the couple lived in Nice, where he ran a hotel notorious for its midnight dance parties. Every time the record-player stopped, male and female waltzers had to remove one item of attire and switch partners. At dance's end, depraved orgies would ensue until dawn, with our hero usually putting the younger bloods to shame.

At Nice, too, he set down in scandalous detail a mammoth five-volume memoirs which named names and spared few companions of his literally hundreds of love affairs. Titled *My Life and Loves*, the books describe every sexual act known to man and have been banned here and in other civilized countries for decades.

At 77, a few days before his death, he roared to a new mistress: "I am a better author than Hemingway and twice the Lothario!" Who was he?

(Frank Harris — who arrogantly and probably correctly described himself as "one of the greatest lovers in history.")

meet them; the old professor's hot-blooded young wife who sits primly at the faculty teas while she smolders inside and can't wait to tear her clothes off in an after-hours orgy..."

Finally, finishing off another paperback, Amory, at 45, laments, "Remember the good old days when the transgressor at least had to regret the whole thing a little bit. Well, remorse has gone the way of the moustache cup. When our heroine is done in by this hero, he is 'strangely calm' and feels only 'a sensation of deep relief.'"

EVERYWHERE: In uncomfortable contrast to the dignity befitting her 40 years and her respectable lady executive background, in late 1962, Helen Gurley Brown publishes her surprise best-seller, *Sex And The Single Girl*. She tells 1963 interviewer she wanted to make it "Sex For The Single Woman," that publisher additionally has censored out all her four-letter words, plus chapter on how to keep from getting pregnant. It is referred to as an awkward typical first book, but Warner Bros. doles out 200,000 clams, a record for non-fiction book movie-rights. Author's candor and adamant refusal to associate shame with sex does much to shed light on America today. Samples: "I'm always careful to say that I'm not for promiscuity. I just know what goes on... and I know it isn't the end of the world when a girl has an affair." "I don't know of anything

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B'WAY PRODUCER

(Continued from page 56)

my summer try-out director behind my desk. He was on the phone talking to the fellow who had been the star of his summer play. "Listen, I'll tell this Joker you're putting up half the money. Where can he do better than that? You'll be great in this. This fellow in the play is a Wall Street man. He gets all mixed up with a girl in the Peace Corps. But we'll make her a little elevator operator trying to be an actress and you'll put up the money to back her in a Broadway play. It's a cinch. This story never misses. It has great Audience Identification. All the elements are right here. It won't take me more than a week-end to get this out of the author."

"This Joker" walked into his office and took the phone. "I've just made a different deal," I said to the panting star. "This Peace Corps girl falls in love with a fellow she meets in Tanganyika and she's the star of the play. Sorry, old man!" And I put down the phone. "But that's not the same play at all," gasped my director friend. "You can't do this to your writer."

Well, I did. And I think my writer was lucky I got there first. I was so confused with the whole mangle at this point that I went back out to the street and looked at the marquee of the theaters all over Forty Second Street and Times Square. Who was Box Office and who was being starred in what? Did I really have my money on a winner? And why had I said Tanganyika? And where was Tanganyika? I looked up at the lights and the flickering glitter. Bob Hope, Katy Hepburn, Robert Taylor,

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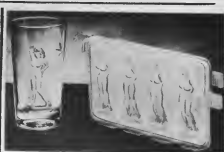
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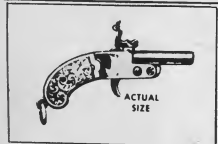
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Danny Kaye. They've weathered the storm. They are still Box Office. Around the corner the Paramount is showing *Joseph And His Brethren*—starring the Bible, I guess. All right. Its been around a long time, too. Down the street is *The Chapman Report*, based on a sex survey. That's also been around a long time. The Peace Corps is new. Maybe I shouldn't do this play. At least I'd better be sure it has a lot of Sex in it and give the girl a Gideon Bible to carry with her. Wonder who this Tanganyika fellow will turn out to be? Guess I'd better call my original author and tell him what a Big Hit we're headed for.

March first it opens. They always do. The Critics call it *Sex Life Of The Peace Corps*, and you know what the "sidewalk Critics" are going to do with that? They say Miss A should have stayed with the Celuloid — she's really painted on the plate. But that Bank Account I opened looks like a subsidiary of Fort Knox. We're going to Europe on our Honeymoon. (I thought of going to Tanganyika but our Press Man says we don't need that kind of extra publicity.) I don't know what this play is about. I don't think the audiences do. I'm putting the Honeymoon on our credit card. But the Backers are happy and the show will run for two years at least. And Next Time! Well, at least, some day maybe I can sneak into Broadway with this original show and make a little money.

STRIP TEASE

(Continued from page 26)

acts in the country are found in the night spots. There are several clubs in Las Vegas, for instance, which feature bare-chested chorus lines; however, these shows are growing farther and farther from the teasing eroticism of the strip.

In Paris, however, ecdysiasm is still popular. There have always been nude shows in Paris, but in early productions, the girls started in the raw and did not take off their clothes before the audience. Now, however, all this is changing. It began in a club called *The Crazy Horse Saloon*—a name well-calculated to attract visiting Americans who are nostalgic for the lost art which was once so well-received in their own country. The owner, one Alain Bernadin, had a rough time getting girls at first but finally was able to find the long-limbed beauties with the low-slung rears who seem to make the best performers. Today, the strip has taken over the French capital. The famous Lido features exotics in many of its acts, and clubs like *Le Shocking*, *Le Sex Appeal* and *Le Sexy* are devoted to the strip. One club even

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features an egghead-type disrober who take off her clothes while playing classical music on a grand piano!

The strip hasn't died then. It has only emigrated overseas and gone onto celluloid where burlesque and nudist colony movies compete for the "nude" fan trade. Will the tantalizing disrobers ever get back to where they used to be? You never can tell. Fashions change. During the time of Oliver Cromwell, remember, the theatre was outlawed in England. Thus it is conceivable that strip tease houses will once more open their doors all over the country; and that well-constructed, eager young dancers will again hear the cry that's music to their ears: "Take it off!" ●

BE A SUCCESS

(Continued from page 41)

proceed from one play or movie to another, with only a minimum of flops.

It is such people who have given inspiration to the colloquial observation: "Them that has gets."

Until recently it has been apparent to many individuals—but without their knowing why—that successful people possess a power the unsuccessful lack. This power has been given many terms—*inner strength, personal conviction, drive, positive thinking*—none of which proved particularly clear or helpful. Freudian psychology made some inroads on the subject by uncovering the factors that inhibit success—neuroses—but nevertheless, the factors that cause success were still a mystery.

Then, more or less as a byproduct of their researches in electronics, scientists began making discoveries concerning that most wonderful machine of all, the human brain. Like its electronic counterpart, the human brain automatically receives information, evaluates, classifies and then stores it. However, unlike a mechanical instrument, each person has the power of selecting what data to feed to his brain. Once the person is called upon to act in a given situation, he does so automatically and will do so successfully, provided the right information has been stored in his brain.

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ments before, it has 'learned' the correct response."

It is this automatic mechanism which electronics experts have discovered to be the basic success factor in human beings. Every normal person is born with it, and failure stems only from the individual's refusal to rely on it or his attempt to solve problems without having stored adequate data.

"We are engineered as goal-seeking mechanisms, and feel lost unless we have a goal that interests us," contends Dr. Maltz. "Thus, if we continually picture failure to ourselves in such vivid detail that it becomes real to our nervous system, that impersonal mechanism will reward us with failure-type responses and emotions. And vice versa when we picture ourselves as successful and self-confident."

To go back to the case of Allie Reynolds, it is easier to see how being traded to the Yankees helped him to become successful. Once he joined the New York club, he made a few changes in his pitching habits that improved his effectiveness. This effectiveness became firmly implanted in his nervous system, along with the confidence of knowing his teammates would support him afield. Consequently if Allie found himself in a tight situation, with men on the bases and the score close, he could actually picture in his mind having

been in a similar jam before and having extricated himself from it. The results were amazing. Reynolds was transformed into the most effective clutch pitcher of his day—so great, in fact, that during one season he was constantly alternated as both a starter and reliever.

Of course, Allie actually did possess the ability to ply his trade. The secret of Yankee success which he learned was not to minimize that ability. However, years earlier, when the management of the old St. Louis Browns decided to have its players hypnotized in order to get them into winning ways, the effort proved to little avail. The fact is, the Browns' performers weren't very good.

Over the years the arts have produced numerous dramatic examples of talented individuals who have been reduced to non-productivity by self-doubt. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, the great Russian novelist, discovered that after having achieved fame, he was paralyzed into inactivity. Yet, Dostoyevsky, who was hopelessly addicted to gambling, eventually found himself short of funds and was forced to write again. Under intense financial pressure, the novelist threw himself into his work feverishly. He no longer had time to worry about whether he could do it. Thus freed, his brain and nervous system were able to proceed automatically, with the result that a succession of classic works were born.

Failure often stems from relying too much on the forebrain, say today's scientists. That part of the brain is the seat of consciousness, and it cannot be relied upon to solve problems—but only to point out where the problems lie and to provide the impetus to solve them.

Thomas Edison wrote that while he was at work on his inventions, he often found himself frustrated to the point of exhaustion. Then while taking a nap, he would suddenly arise out of his sleep with the solution.

Harry Truman also followed this practice during his years in the White House. Whenever he found himself troubled with indecisiveness over a complex problem, he would put it out of his mind at the day's end and go to bed. Often he would arise with the solution the next morning.

"What we believe about ourselves (and thus feed to our internal computer as bona fide data) often imposes rigid and quite false limits on what we are able to accomplish," says Dr. Maltz.

Writer Arthur Gordon, who had interviewed Margaret Mitchell on her masterpiece, *Gone With the Wind*, recalled some interesting comment: "It was going pretty well," Miss Mitchell said, "until someone sent me a new book called

John Brown's Body by Stephen Vincent Benet. When I finished reading it, I burst into tears and put my own manuscript away on a closet shelf. *John Brown's Body* gave me such a terrible case of the humbles that it was months before I could find the necessary faith in myself and my book to go on."

It is understandable that one who has never written or painted or acted or practiced medicine would have reasonable doubt about his ability to do so. However, when one has been trained or has gotten experience, the automatic mechanism of the brain and nervous system possesses sufficient data for the individual to proceed to future accomplishments.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the area of sexual neuroses. Frigidity in women and impotency in men are often caused by a complexity of fears and anxieties that require psychiatric treatment. Yet, all too frequently, they stem from a false sense of theatricality in which the love partners prove too concerned with how they will perform.

A classic textbook case in clinical psychology concerns the man who, after a long bachelorhood during which he seduced many beautiful women, decided to get married and soon after found himself impotent. It wasn't that he did not love his wife or that he failed to find her attractive; rather it was something much more complex. He never really cared about the women with whom he had dallied during his bachelor days; consequently, he didn't worry about his performance as a lover. After marriage, however, he really cared about pleasing his wife, and he began to fret to the point where he became impotent. As soon as therapy was able to provide his nervous mechanism with the correct data—that he was a perfectly virile male—he ceased to fret. Subsequently, he was able to do what comes naturally, and as a result, enjoyed a vigorously sexual marriage.

During the present time, there are many false social values which tend to retard the success drives of the individual. "Conformity to the environment in which one happens to find oneself becomes the safe and approved aim," complained Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover recently. "That this shrivels individual autonomy is a fact not always immediately perceived . . . Emphasis is placed . . . on gaining popularity with the 'peer' group rather than on becoming an independent, self-determining adult human being."

However, it is important to recognize that individualism is the most precious heritage America has, and her success as a nation depends on her citizens remaining free to live—and to succeed. ●

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